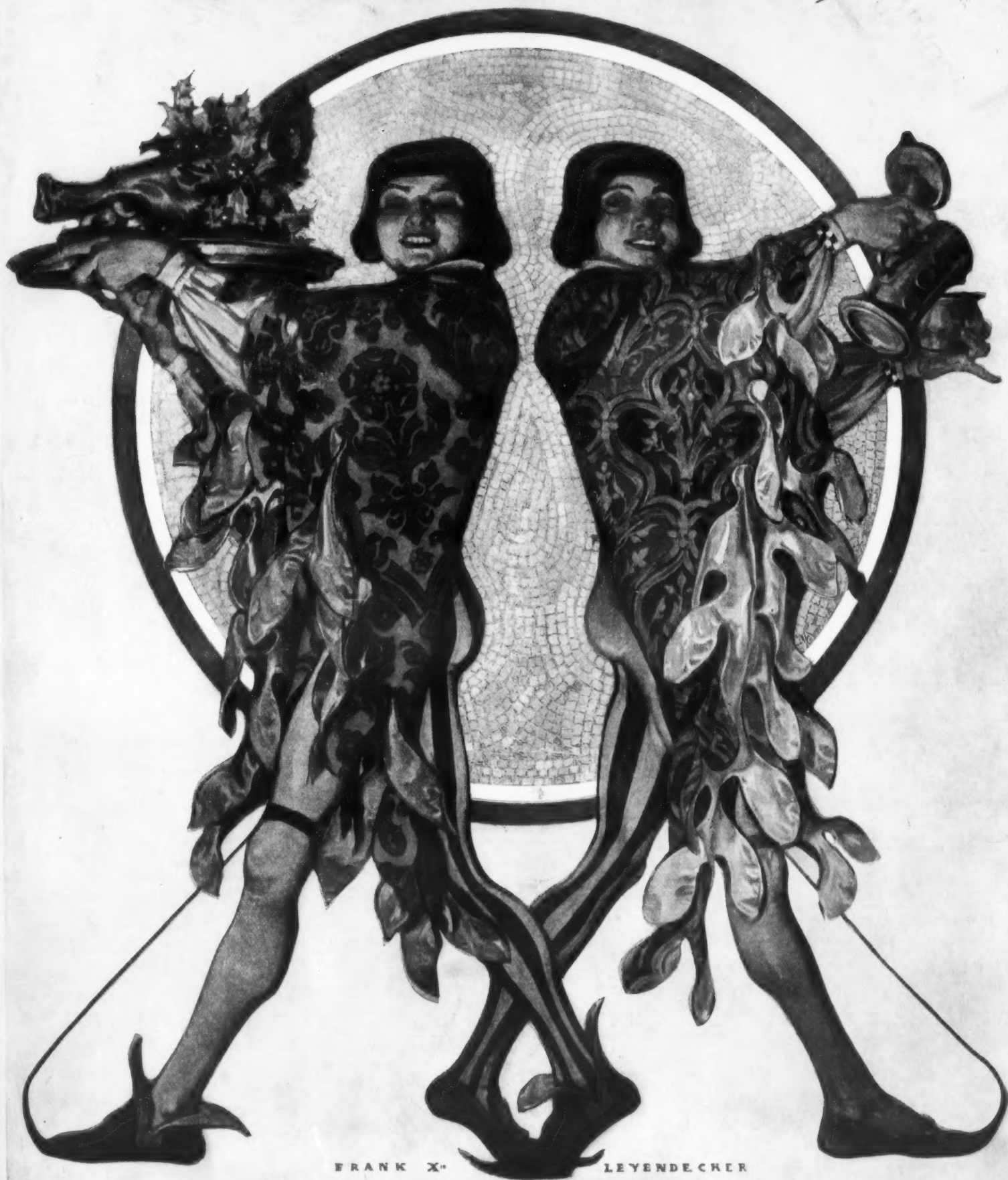


Collier's

For

CHRISTMAS

1910



FRANK X

LEYENDECKER



YOU are probably one of the great majority of gift buyers who have found that a book is the best thing to give for Christmas. Nothing else that costs so little is one-tenth as acceptable. Nothing else that costs so little provides such a wide latitude for satisfying the individual taste of the giver (or recipient). And certainly with nothing else can you make so personal and intimate a gift for a dollar or so.

This is especially true of an interesting new novel—attractively illustrated and bound. And how little trouble,—you go to your bookseller with a list of titles, tell him where to send them, and your Christmas shopping is done in about five minutes.

Here is an especially convenient list—nineteen new books, mostly novels, and just enough information about each. Use it—you will be delighted to see how it simplifies things. The "Christmas problem" you hear so much about will cease to exist.

THE SHOGUN'S DAUGHTER by Robert Ames Bennet. Japan before it became a power—all color and romance as it was in Commodore Perry's time. Pictures in color.

THE SPIRIT TRAIL by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles. A strong, picturesque love story of the Dakota Indians in the early 70's. Pictures in color.

THE RED-BLOODED AND REMINISCENCES OF A RANCHMAN by Edgar Beecher Bronson. These two books by a famous explorer present the real West,—full of adventure, humor, and strong climaxes. Illustrated.

IN TOWN by Janet Ayer Fairbank. Smart dialogues on affairs of the day, charmingly illustrated and bound.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS by Marjorie Benton Cooke. A most unusual story in which artist life in Chicago and the intrigues of a labor war are contrasted with idyllic country life.

THE PRICE OF THE PRAIRIE by Margaret Hill McCarter. Kansas, always a storm centre, is splendidly described in this dramatic novel of frontier conflict. Pictures in color.

"T. R." by John T. McCutcheon. The best Roosevelt book of all. One hundred pictures by the *Chicago Tribune's* famous cartoonist.

KEITH OF THE BORDER by Randall Parrish. Every novel reader knows what a thrilling, absorbing tale this master story-teller can write. Pictures in color.

DON MACGRATH by Randall Parrish. Mr. Parrish's first story for young readers tells of a boy's adventures in the Mississippi steamer days. Illustrated.

THE SPANIARD AT HOME by Mary F. Nixon Roulet. A beautifully illustrated book on the intimate character of the Spaniard, written with charm and sympathy.

THE PATERNOSTER RUBY by Charles Edmond Walk. An enthralling mystery story of the kind everyone likes, by the author of "The Yellow Circle." Pictures in color.

THE ROUT OF THE FOREIGNER by Gulielma Zollinger. A story by the author of "The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys," which will be a joy to young people studying English history. Illustrated.

HIDDEN WATER by Dane Coolidge. The Arizona cattle country is the background for an exciting story by a writer who knows it thoroughly. Pictures in color.

WITH SULLY INTO THE SIOUX LANDS by Joseph Mills Hanson. Another capital boy's story in which the campaign of General Sully against the Dakota Indians in 1864 is described. Illustrated.

FRONTIER BALLADS by Joseph Mills Hanson. A series of stirring narrative poems breathing the vital spirit of the old West. Illustrated.

PRINCESS SAYRANE by Edith Ogden Harrison. The first novel by the author of several very popular children's books. The scenes are laid in Egypt in the days of Prester John. Illustrated.

MARK ENDERBY by Robert Fulkerson Hoffman. Mountain railroading in the South West with a veteran engineer, brave, shrewd, and kindly, as the central figure. Illustrated in color.

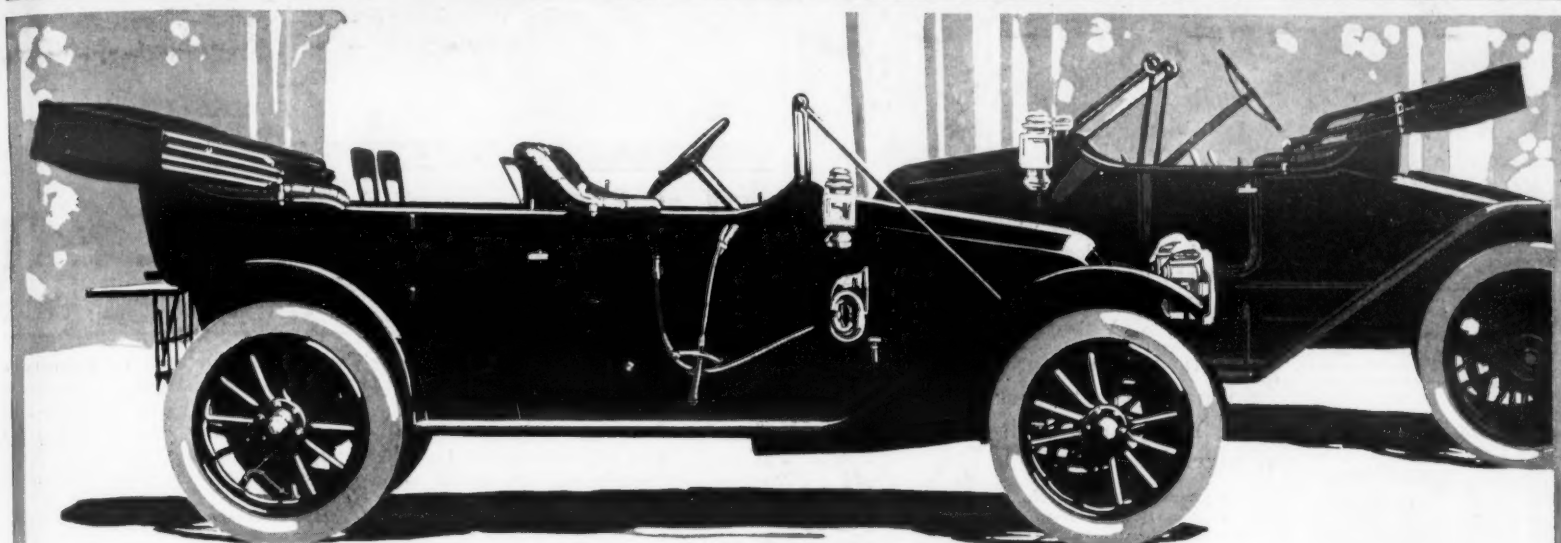
PLATTERS AND PIPKINS by Mary H. Krout. A charming little gift book on matters of interest to every housewife.

EVERY ONE OF THESE BOOKS CAN BE HAD AT YOUR NEAREST BOOKSTORE. ASK TO SEE THEM THE NEXT TIME YOU CALL

A. C. McClurg & Co. Publishers
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO



Franklin



Which Shall It Be, Water Cooling or Air Cooling?

The first requirement of any cooling system for an automobile is reliability. The answer to the question of which is the more reliable, water cooling or air cooling, rests between:

First, a system that comprises pump, drive for pump, radiator with thousands of soldered joints, plumbing, fan, drive for fan etc., and,

Second, a system that simply utilizes the fly wheel of the motor, the engine boot and hood and does not add extra mechanism.

Next comes the question of which is the more useful and convenient. This rests between:

First, a system that requires infinite attention during cold weather to keep it from breaking down, requires non-freezing mixtures that corrode and damage the radiator and pipes, a heated garage, and a tank to be kept filled, care always being necessary to use water that will not leave a deposit to clog up the radiator and pipes, and,

Second, a system that utilizes a medium of unchangeable efficiency, one that never causes trouble, works the same at the temperature of the North Pole or of the Sahara desert, in fact is always the same three hundred and sixty-five days in the year and requires no attention.

The next consideration is that of net results. This is between:

First, a complicated system that with proper care and attention does its work well but not with the utmost economy and efficiency and which may break down, and,

Second, a simple system that requires no attention and does its work perfectly with the utmost economy and efficiency in the hottest or coldest climate and which can not break down.

Which Shall It Be?

Based on facts, the answer can be only one way. Those who accept water cooling think it is necessary. A thorough investigation always shows the contrary.

It is clear that a cooling system without mechanism must be reliable, whereas a cooling system with mechanism is reliable only according to its condition and the care given it.

All gasoline engines require a fuel system, a gasoline tank, pipe, carburetor and oiling system. Why add a cooling system, with more mechanism? It is necessary to fill the gasoline and oil tanks, but why fill a water tank?

Using an air-cooled motor in a boat, which you can use only in summer and then with water all around, would be decidedly poor engineering. You do not have to cool the water or use it over. Then why is not a water-cooled motor in an automobile, for which you have to carry the water and cool it over and over again and which you want to use in winter as well as in summer, poor engineering?

Even if water cooling were as efficient and economical as Franklin air cooling the latter would be more desirable for it requires no attention when in use or when idle. The owner of a Franklin air-cooled automobile actually forgets that there is such a thing as a cooling system. The owner of a water-cooled car can not forget the cooling system. He must carry it around all the time, pay for it, put water into it.

The cylinders of the Franklin engine have vertical cooling flanges and sheet-metal air jackets, open at the top and bottom. These jackets with extended side members form, with the hood and engine boot, an air-tight compartment. At the rear of this compartment is the fly wheel suction fan.

As the fly wheel revolves the cooling air is drawn in through the air jackets down around each cylinder. The air that passes one cylinder does not pass any other cylinder, each cylinder receiving fresh, cool air in large and equal volume. The greater the speed of the motor, the greater the volume of air drawn in.

Franklin air cooling commands the favor in whatever way it is looked at, in whatever way it is investigated, if the investigation is thorough.

The Franklin exhibits at the New York and Chicago shows in January and February will be works of art. Be sure to visit them.

Write for the Franklin catalogue

Four- and six-cylinder touring cars, single and double torpedoes, phaetons, enclosed cars, special speed car, taxicabs and trucks.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y

BRANCHES

Albany N.Y. 242 Washington Avenue
Baltimore Md Mount Royal and Maryland Avenues
Boston Mass 671 Boylston Street
Buffalo N.Y. 683 Main Street

Chicago Ill 1450 Michigan Avenue
Cincinnati O 1114-1116 Race Street
Cleveland O 6016 Euclid Avenue
New York City Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue

Pittsburg Pa 5926 Baum Street
Rochester N.Y. 74 North Street
San Francisco Cal 406 Golden Gate Avenue
St Louis Mo 1306 Olive Street

R. ONLY APPOINTED DEALERS IN OTHER CITIES

The Comfort of Security



The Successful Burglar. This sort of thing may happen to you. It does happen right along to people whose doors are fitted with ordinary locks.

The Discouraged Burglar. By adding a Yale Night Latch to your doors you are protecting your home.

This is a picture of the Yale No. 42 Night Latch. It costs from \$1.50 upward; there are many sizes and types.

Of hardware merchants everywhere. Ask for "His First Latch Key," a fascinating little story, or (if you are thinking of building) say you want our more elaborate, more serious illustrated book about the "Yale Hardware for Your Home." Free of course.

Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Makers of Yale Products
Locks, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware
Door Checks and Chain Hoists

9 Murray St.,
New York
Chicago Washington
Boston San Francisco
Paris London Hamburg




This Superb Motor Car Helps You Carry Out Your Plans

HOW many wasted days is the ultimate story of the injudicious choice of a motor car! Stranded or injured! Plans gone askew! Deals fallen through! Good nature outraged and the tumult of brain and nerve frustrating your attempts to pull yourself together on the following day.

The Abbott-Detroit is essentially the car that **gets there**. It outlives difficulty, oils up your business and social machinery and makes your days efficient with things done, deals consummated and the spirit-to-do-more reinforced.

In the Abbott-Detroit you get stick-to-itiveness motorized!

The Standardized Abbott-Detroit

Tests Way Above Its Rating

BECAUSE it is standardized. Because this magnificent motor car has been developed until it contains many features found only in automobiles costing up to \$4000. The Abbott-Detroit is the only car selling at or anywhere near \$1500 that is thoroughly standardized. The quality is there, way above the price limit. The performances of this car in national speed and endurance contests easily distinguish it as far above the cars supposed to be in its class solely because of the price classification.

Read down the list of Abbott-Detroit victories in this advertisement and then ask yourself if you would not like to drive the car capable of such a record.

The Abbott-Detroit is kept up-to-date. We mean just what we say. If on May 10th we have completed and decided on a new feature, it is embodied in the very next car that goes out of the factory. We do not save up our improvements for next year's model. We use them as soon as we get them. When you buy an Abbott-Detroit, you get the very latest and best model we can produce at that particular time.

The Abbott-Detroit you buy on May 10th is the May 10th Model.

We never advertised the Abbott-Detroit extensively until we knew we had a car that measured up to the high standards we had set for ourselves and were working for for two years. Now we are advertising broadcast, and are delivering a car that makes good all claims in this advertising.

You find none of these features in other cars at \$1500. Abbott-Detroit painting and trimming specifications are parallel to those of any \$4000 car on the market.

The Abbott-Detroit has Chrome Nickel Steel Construction in the transmission and rear axle, with imported F. & S. Annular Bearings and Timken Roller Bearings.

The Abbott-Detroit has a complete electric light equipment of two electric head lights and combination electric and oil side and rear lamps, and Bosch High Tension or Splitdorf dual ignition system.

Write For Thoroughly Descriptive Literature

Let us show you all the fine points of the Abbott-Detroit right in your own home by mailing your very attractive catalog. Just tell us to send you the name of our local dealer, and then go and see him.

Take a trial spin in the Abbott-Detroit, remembering its wonderful record shown herewith. Do not forget we make a **limited number** of cars, and that it is **advisable** to act promptly if you think of buying this year.

Model B, Five Passenger Touring Car, Standard Equipment, \$1500 F. O. B. Detroit.

Roadster, Standard Equipment, \$1500 F. O. B. Detroit.

Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau (tonneau detachable), Standard Equipment, \$1650 F. O. B. Detroit.

Coupe, Standard Equipment, \$2350 F. O. B. Detroit.

WATCH THE PAPERS!

An Abbott-Detroit never entered a speed contest until the last Vanderbilt Cup Races. Since then it has won a place in every contest entered.

And has made the greatest record for five weeks ever made by any motor car.

Vanderbilt Cup Races—Massachusetts Sweepstakes—Second. Average speed, 53.1 miles per hour.

Fairmount Park Races at Philadelphia—First. The only car in its class running at closing of race. Had no stops, tire trouble, ignition trouble or any other mechanical trouble.

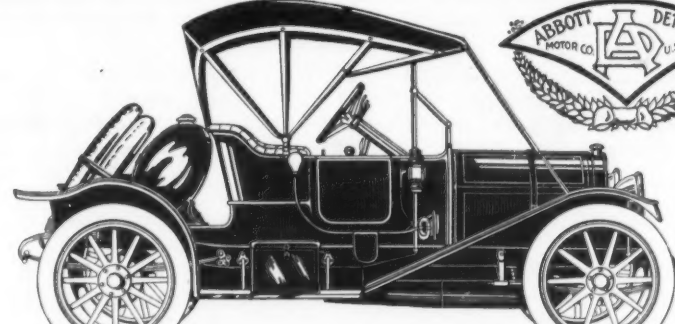
Minneapolis Tribune Endurance Run—1200 miles. Perfect score. Continued on 2500 miles to Dallas, Texas, and then returned to Detroit.

1000,000-mile Trip—The "Bull Dog" started from Denver and has covered 15,000 miles of the schedule.

Desert Run from Los Angeles to Phoenix—400 miles. Trial trip in thirty-eight hours.

Atlanta Races of November 3, 4 and 5—Established the official one-mile record of 55.6 seconds and broke the distance record for one hour by 3 1/4 miles and took second and third in the 16-mile stock chassis event for cars having 161 to 230 cubic inches piston displacement.

San Antonio, Texas, Races—Nov. 15. Won three firsts and two thirds in three events "free for all" cars from \$0 to \$6 H. P. A clean sweep.



Up-to-the-Minute Dealers Share Advantages. Certain territories are still open. If you want your district let us hear from you. If you had a car **made to order** to sell to your customers you'd make it as near like the Abbott-Detroit as you could. Write now.

Abbott Motor Co., 118 Waterloo St., Detroit, Mich.

1911 DISTRIBUTORS—Craig Auto Co., 465 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.; M. M. Levy & Co., 2410 Strand, Galveston, Texas; H. J. Lindesmith & Co., Lima, Ohio; Royal Automobile Co., 517 Second Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.; Snyder Auto Co., 763 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio; Whitten Motor Vehicle Co., 200 Meeting St., Providence, R. I.; Sullivan Auto Co., S. Charleston, Ohio; George L. Reiss, 1776 Broadway, New York City; J. H. Wright, 38 Market St., Auburn, N. Y.; D. A. Michael, Daytonia, Fla.; Burdick & Hartwell, 231 River St., Troy, N. Y.; A. D. Motor Co., Main and Market Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.; T. J. Northway, 92 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.; A. D. Motor Co. of Pa., 211 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Centaur Motor Co., 1725 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Van Vliet Fletcher Auto Co., Tenth and Walnut Sts., Des Moines, Iowa; John Deere Plow Co., Dallas, Texas; E. C. Thompson, Warren, Pa.; Jones Auto Exchange, Wichita, Kansas; Abbott-Detroit Motor Co., Los Angeles, California.

Your Daughter's Christmas

WHY not make it memorable by providing a Christmas present for her which will last her as long as she lives—something that will come around every Christmas time even though you may not be here to have the pleasure of personally giving it to her? It will be your loving forethought which will provide the gift on Christmas days yet to come and you will have the satisfaction of knowing now that this will be one Christmas present that she will always be sure to receive. If, unfortunately, there should come for her Christmas celebrations without cheer—when everything may have gone wrong—when even bread and butter and roof may be in the balance—this Christmas gift of yours will step in and take the place of your parental care and affection—and see to it that she has the wherewithal to provide the three daily meals—and the roof—and the clothing—for her and hers. Rather attractive sort of present to give, isn't it? Better than some gift which brings only temporary pleasure and which has no permanent or enduring value. ✽ This Christmas gift that we are talking about—the Life Income policy of the Equitable Society—which provides a definite, fixed, yearly sum for that dear daughter—giving her the policy on this Christmas day and if you so elect, the income when it becomes due, can be made payable on every Christmas day thereafter so long as she lives—and to nobody else—Something that a husband of hers cannot squander or misinvest—something that puts her beyond reach of the scheming adventurer—something that makes absolutely certain the necessities of life if all her pleasures and comforts should go by the board—None too early to apply for it promptly when you see this, if you want to have the pleasure of giving it to her this Christmas. ✽ This sort of policy would be the best Christmas present you could give your wife, too—if you have not already made some adequate provision which will insure her absolutely an annual income for the rest of her life.

"Strongest in the World"

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES—Paul Morton, President—120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY,
120 Broadway, New York

Without committing myself to any action, I would like to know what it would cost to provide an annual life income of \$..... payable at my death to a person now..... years of age.

Name.....

Address.....

32 C



Use
the Sun's
Only Rival
in the Rooms You Want Brightest

The Holiday season requires an abundance of cheery, brilliant light in living, dining and guest rooms. Now every room in the house can be brightly lighted at very little expense.



Everyone Can Afford
Electric Lighting

G-E MAZDA Lamps have doubled the amount of light obtainable from a dollar's worth of electricity—and improved its quality. Everywhere electric light users are substituting G-E MAZDAS for older types of lamps. Since electric lighting is now available at one-half its former cost, other lighting methods are being rapidly discarded in favor of the "Sun's Only Rival."

Your electric light man or dealer will supply the proper sizes. Begin with the rooms you want brightest during these long winter evenings.

Write today for your copy of the "Dawn of A New Era in Lighting"—its twenty-two illustrated pages contain lighting costs and plans, sizes and prices of lamps and reflectors and much valuable information on modern lighting requirements—where and how lamps should be used, etc.



General Electric
Company
Dept. 42, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Walpole
"Good Samaritan" Hot Water Bottle



Fits Every Spot Soft as a Pillow

No seams, joints, cement or wire. One piece of moulded rubber. Nothing to give way under the action of hot water.

When ends are buttoned together it makes a perfect heater for the feet. Ideal for throat or face. Stays without holding. Soothing instead of irritating.

10 inch, 2 quart \$2.50 of your dealer. If he cannot supply you order direct. Makes an ideal Christmas gift.

WALPOLE RUBBER CO.
185 Summer Street Boston, Mass.
Canadian Office—Eastern Township Bank Bldg., Montreal

Collier's The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
R. J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street, New York

Cover Design	Painted by F. X. Leyendecker	
"We Thank Thee as We May."	Photograph	11
The Lantern Bearers	Painted by Maxfield Parrish	12
	Frontispiece in Color	
The Lord of Christmas Week		13
A Christmas-Tree Carol	Percy Mackaye	14
	With a Decoration by E. Stetson Crawford	
The Master of Merry Disports	Samuel M. Crothers	15
The Mistletoe Maid	Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson	16
The Nature Faker	Story Richard Harding Davis	17
	Illustrated in Color by F. G. Cootes and Philip R. Goodwin	
An Awful Possibility	John T. McCutcheon	20
	Full-page of Sketches in Color	
The Purloined Christmas	Story Gouverneur Morris	21
	Illustrated in Color by Lucius Hiltchcock	
"Howdy, Mister Chris'mas!"	Poem Frank L. Stanton	22
	Illustrated in Color by Charles Sarka	
Christmas in the Village	Drawn by C. K. Linson	24-25
	Double-page in Color	
A Little Tragedy of Waste	S. H. Howard	26
	Illustrated in Color by Rollin Kirby	

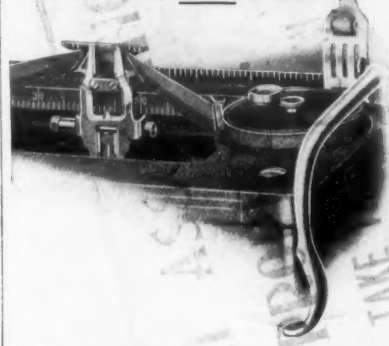
(Continued on page 7)

The DuPont Powder Company bought
FIVE HUNDRED and TWENTY-ONE

L. C. SMITH & BROS.

Typewriters

ALL THE WRITING ALWAYS IN SIGHT



(The biggest order ever placed by any firm or corporation for typewriters for their own use) because their own mechanical experts sitting as a jury, said it was unquestionably the best.

They examined all competing makes, tested them under every condition of stress and strain, and voted unanimously in favor of the L. C. Smith & Bros. The DuPonts thus rendered you an invaluable service. Lacking mechanical experts of your own you can safely rely upon the decision of these five engineers at the height of their calling who were willing to stake their professional reputation on the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter.

Many large concerns have already been guided by this expert opinion and have standardized, as the DuPonts did, with the typewriter that stood the test. There could be no test more thorough, or more unbiased decision.

Send today for our "DuPont" Booklet

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Branches in All Large Cities)

Head offices for Europe, Asia and Africa:
19 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C.

Big Ben

THE NATIONAL ALARM



FOR particular house-keepers or exacting business men—for those that have to get up on time and live on time.

For the living room or the dressing room, for the writing table or the down town desk—for that tired early morning feeling and that tendency to oversleep.

For a timely Christmas gift—for a gentle New Year's hint.

\$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only.
Westclox, La Salle, Ill.



KRYPTOK LENSES

Combine Near and Far View in One Solid Lens
Discard your old-style pasted lenses. The prominent seams are disfiguring. They suggest old age. Dirt gathers at the edges. Wear Kryptok Lenses, which present the neat appearance of single-vision glasses, yet have two distinct focal points. The reading lens is fused invisibly within the distance lens.

This is a Kryptok Lens.
Note the absence of seams. Kryptok Lenses do not look odd or suggest old age. They improve one's appearance.

This is a Pasted Lens.
Note the ugly seams. They are unsightly. They indicate old age. Pasted lenses detract from one's appearance.

Your optician will supply you with Kryptok Lenses. They can be put into any style frame or mounting, or into your present ones. Over 200,000 people are now wearing them.

Write Us for Descriptive Booklet

Kryptok Company, 103 E. 23d St., New York

An All-the-year
Christmas Gift
for Your Boy



Twelve months of safe, fascinating, instructive reading. A typical boys' magazine.

The American Boy

Endorsed by half a million careful parents. \$1.00 a full year.

10c a copy at News-stands

The Sprague Publishing Co.

110 Majestic Building

Detroit, Mich.

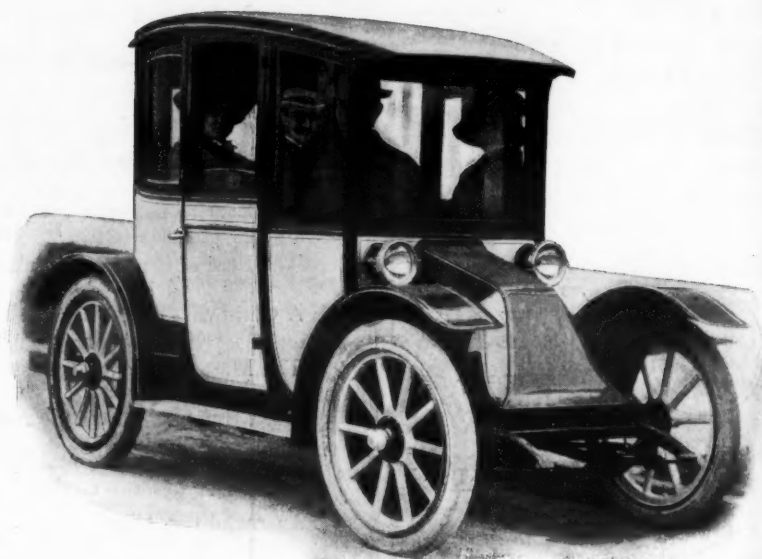
A Distinguished Electric Well Within the Average Income

With the advent of the new Hupp-Yeats at \$1750, the scope and usefulness of the electric carriage is immensely widened.

Heretofore, the electric carriage has been the prerogative of the fortunate few, by reason of its excessive first cost and its consequent expense.

The electric carriage as a vehicle rivals the utility of the gasoline car, and it was inevitable that its advantages should be made possible to a larger audience.

This has been done in the case of the Hupp-Yeats, not only without the sacrifice of a single element of beauty or value, but with the addition of many progressive features.



HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC

"A car of French design and the very latest fashion"

You will not find in any mechanical or operative deficiency an explanation of the new and lower price of the Hupp-Yeats Electric.

You will not find it in a lack of elegance.

Even the inadequate illustration presented herewith will show you that it is a carriage more distinguished in appearance than the handsomest of its predecessors.

The Hupp-Yeats, moreover, is luxuriousness personified;—the richest of rich leather upholstery, the finest of enamel finish, characterize its equipment.

In its mechanical construction it shows a marked advance—incorporating, for instance, a unique system of direct drive, which is in the nature of a revolution.

An efficient Westinghouse motor drives direct to the rear axle, without an extra reduction through a single pair of special gears.

The chassis is the lightest, and at the same time, the stoutest ever utilized in an electric carriage,—its lightness, in turn, being reflected in the superior carrying capacity and economy of the battery.

The motor is the Westinghouse, which, as has been said, drives direct, without universal joints or intermediate reduction gears or chains.

Hupp-Yeats Life Guarantee

The Hupp-Yeats Electric Car Company guarantees the Hupp-Yeats car free from defects in material or workmanship, during the life of the car, and will replace, free of charge, any such defective material when returned to its factory for inspection, transportation prepaid. This guarantee covers all parts of the car, except the motor, tires and storage battery, which are guaranteed by their respective makers.

HUPP-YEATS Electric Car Company

The battery is the celebrated Exide; frame, the best pressed channel steel; the bearings, finest imported annular type throughout.

These, with the direct drive, make the current consumption the lowest on record.

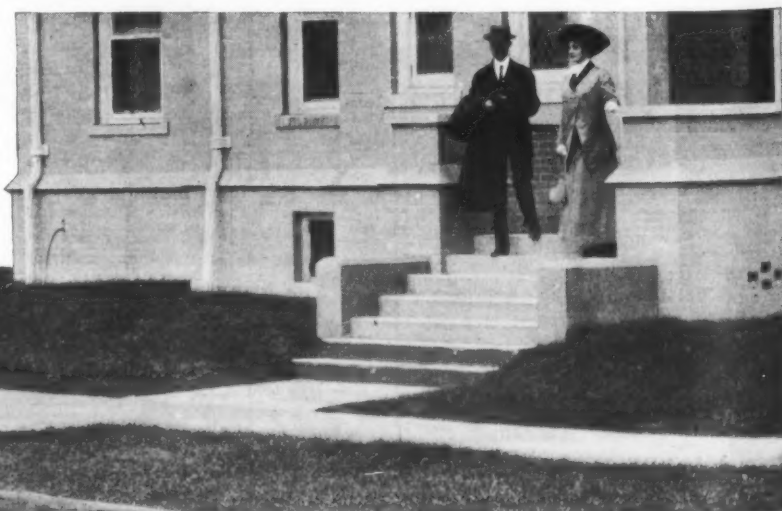
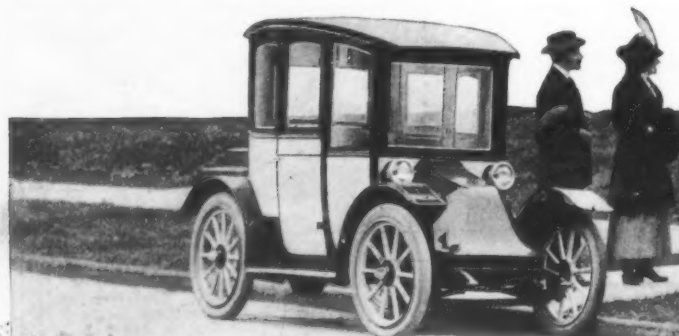
The carriage is modeled largely on French lines with extraordinarily long wheelbase (86 inches), and has an exceedingly low-hung body, which permits the occupant to step directly on a level to the sidewalk.

It will give you, if you like, a speed of 20 miles per hour, and a mileage of 75 to 90 miles on one charge, in the hands of the average user, and in ordinary, every-day driving.

If your city is not yet equipped with sales connections, and you are intending to own a car, you are invited to open up correspondence with the plant direct.

The Hupp-Yeats battery contract provides for the universal service of Exide experts everywhere, who will give each battery special care.

HUPP-YEATS Electric Car Company, Dept. M, Detroit, Mich.



IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



This Man Saves Time

—so does every other employee in the factory. They use Inter-phones instead of walking or sending a messenger.

The superintendent in his office—the department heads—any employee—can talk to any part of the factory simply by pushing the proper button on the nearest Inter-phone. Every day finds some new use for this system of

Western Electric Inter-phones

This Photograph was taken in a six-story shoe factory. Inter-phones are used in the office, stock room, leather room, finishing room, cutting room, engine room, etc. They were adopted after discouraging trials with speaking tubes and a cheaper system of telephones.

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"



Inter-phones can be installed complete, including labor and all material, at a cost ranging from \$6.00 to \$30.00 per station, depending upon the type of equipment selected.

They are made only by the Western Electric Company and will last a lifetime.

Get the details by writing our nearest house for Booklet No. 7666 It makes you see the real time-saving value of Inter-phones. Tells how they work. Send for it.

EVERY BELL TELEPHONE IS

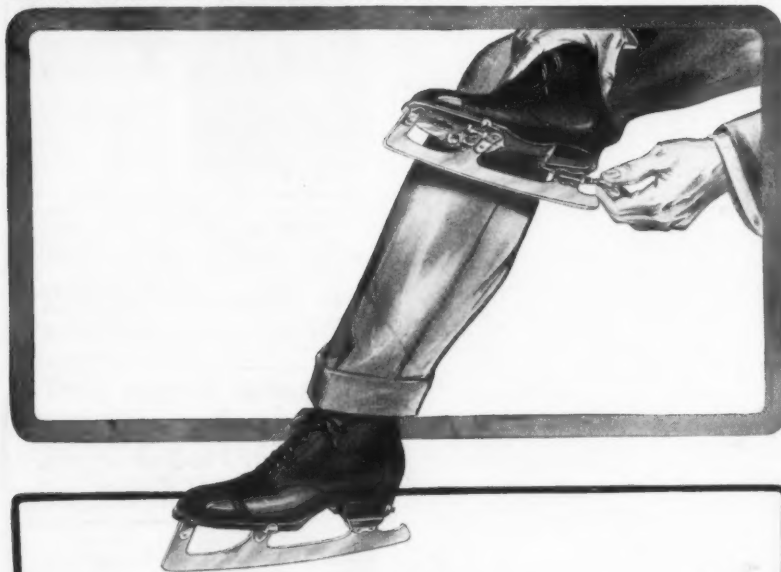


The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Montreal, Paris, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Toronto, Antwerp, Berlin, Winnipeg, Johannesburg, Saint Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Dallas, Omaha, Vancouver, Sydney, London, Tokyo, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake City.

Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones



WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Skillfully made in the world's largest skate factory. Best for 54 years. Safe, strong, speedy. Durable, graceful ice skates that stay sharp longest. Winslow's roller skates are the standard the world over. Always the choice of discriminating skaters. Sold everywhere.

Catalogues Free.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.
New York, 84 Chambers Street. London, 8 Long Lane, E. C.
Paris, 64, Avenue de la Grande Armée.



Barrett Specification Roofs



Longest Wear for Lowest Cost

THE cost per year of service is the only true test of a roofing.

It discloses the absolute superiority of Barrett Specification Roofs. That is why on large manufacturing plants where costs are carefully computed, such roofs are almost invariably used.

Barrett Specification Roofs are inexpensive, costing much less than tin for instance, and little more than the best grade of ready roofings.

And their cost of maintenance is nothing, for they require no painting; they can't rust, and they will give satisfactory protection for 20 years or more.

Insurance underwriters classify these roofs as "slow burning" construction acceptable on "fire-proof" buildings.

Barrett Specification Roofs are immune from damage by acid fumes.

They are used extensively on railroad round houses. On cotton mills with their humid interiors, these roofs give perfect satisfaction, for dampness does not affect them from below.

The Barrett Specification Roof illustrated above is 50,000 square feet in area and covers the Round House of the Vandalia Lines (Penn. System) at Terre Haute, Ind.

We will be glad to supply a copy of The Barrett Specification on request to anyone interested in the subject. Address nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING CO.

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Seattle, London, England.



THERMOS

Is preeminently the wanted and most distinctive Christmas gift; the giver is assured of conferring supreme pleasure on wife, husband, mother, father, grandma, grandpa, aunt or uncle, niece or nephew, baby, friend or sweetheart — on anybody you desire to please.

Thermos unites Summer and Winter as it keeps any liquid or solid hot without fire and cold without ice until wanted for use.

Thermos is necessary to every member of the family from infancy to old age; is necessary in the home for nursery, kitchen and sickroom; is necessary away from home at work or play, for the pleasure and the workingman, to the housewife and physician, to automobilists, yachtsmen, travelers, campers, to everybody.

Thermos bottles, tea and coffee pots, decanters, jars, humidors (for preserving the moisture, the flavor of the leaf and the original aroma of cigars, tobacco, etc.), motor restaurants, cellarettes, luncheon sets, English made traveling cases, wicker baskets, drinking cups, etc., in complete assortment.

Thermos is so necessary to you that we have prepared a 34 page booklet full of interesting Thermos facts which describes every Thermos article herewith illustrated, free on request.

Thermos is sold throughout the world by all good stores but please be cautious, there are worthless imitations—look for the name "Thermos" it's on every Thermos article.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
Thermos Building, New York

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System; 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Hotel Savoy "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms, 135 baths. Eng. grill. \$1.50 up.

CLARK'S "ARABIO" CRUISE

Feb. 4, \$400 up for 71 days. Shore trips ALL INCLUDED. Round World; Trans-Siberian; Riviera-Italy, and 30 Tours to Europe. Specify program desired.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., NEW YORK



Any man, every man, all men would appreciate the

Krementz Gift Box

A set of four of the famous 14-K Rolled Plate Krementz Collar Buttons, (that will last for years without losing lustre). A new one free for every one broken or damaged from any cause. Packed in an attractive ribbon-tied box.

One Dollar the set of four. If not found at your haberdasher's or jeweler's, a set will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

KREMENTZ & CO., 46 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

Young Man—Be a Lawyer

No other profession presents you with such opportunities for a successful future. Law is a WELL-PAID PROFESSION. Through practice and special business opportunities lawyers reap a golden harvest. A lawyer has POWER. The whole community acts on his advice. His influence extends into the home and business life. GREAT BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES require lawyers in positions of largest trust and prestige. A lawyer is INDEPENDENT. He selects his clients, sets his price, practices where he likes, has few worries, compared with the manufacturer or merchant, is absolute master of the situation.

Young man! If you have health, energy, common sense, patience and a liking for law, this school can thoroughly fit you for practice. Our graduates have been admitted to the bar in every State of the Union.

Not a short cut. Not a makeshift. Not a condensed summary. A complete College Law Course, covering every form of legal procedure and document. Prepared and taught by expert attorneys. Books, lessons, side helps, lectures, illustrative cases, examinations, encouragement and counsel. Successful for 20 years. Write for the catalogue and "evidence."

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
118 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.



Copy This Sketch

You can make big money as an illustrator or cartoonist for newspapers or magazines. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Copy this sketch of President Taft. Let me see what you can do with it. Send it to me with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1435 Schenck Bldg., CLEVELAND, O.

ILLINOIS TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Offers to young women a three years' course of unexcelled practical and theoretical training in Cook County Hospital, of 1,300 beds, including large children's and contagious departments. Special clinics in Lying-in Hospital. Private duty in private institutions. Practical courses in Dietetics, Physical Culture, and Massage. Six Scholarships. Monthly payments during entire training. Commodious Homes. Address Supt., 607 HONORE STREET, CHICAGO



STUDY ELECTRICITY In this Electrical Center

Complete college training in less time, at less expense. Two year course, covering every phase of generation, transmission and application. Super equipment—laboratory, machines and apparatus. Graduate engineers for instructors. Winter Term begins January 5, 1911. Write for details.

BRYANT & STRATTON COLLEGE
No. 102, College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

The University of Chicago Correspondence-Study Dept.

HOME STUDY offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

Hahnemann Medical College

51st regular session opened September 27th. Laboratory equipment complete. Clinical facilities unsurpassed. Four years' course. For detailed information address C. HENRY WILSON, Registrar, 3129 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LAME PEOPLE

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for Booklet.

HENRY F. LOTZ, 313 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Collier's

The National Weekly

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, December 10, 1910

¶ This being the Christmas Number, the usual departments—the Editorial, What the World Is Doing, Comment on Congress, and The Average Man's Money—are omitted from the issue to give greater space to holiday stories and pictures. All the departments will be resumed next week.

The December

Outdoor America Number

which appears next week, will contain

A Review of the Football Season and The All-America Team

BY WALTER CAMP

¶ The announcement of the All-America Team, by Walter Camp, is awaited every season with great interest. Mr. Camp's judgment is of unquestioned soundness, with thirty years of comparisons behind him. In addition to selecting the All-America players, Mr. Camp discusses the season just closed—one which has been unusual on account of the efforts of coaches to adapt their tactics to the altered rules, and also on account of the erratic showing of the leading teams. No season within recent years, perhaps, has been so full of surprises and of disappointments to their supporters.

¶ The list of contents will also include the following: "Rifle Practice for Public Schools," by Major-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A. "The Company of Orchard Trees," by Dr. Luther H. Bailey. "Playthings of Other Days," by Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson. "Exploring the Philippine Forest," by Charles A. Gilchrist. "Shotguns and Sentiment," by Maximilian Foster.

A Neglected Duty

¶ Although Americans expend great sums of money on their public schools to develop citizenship, the highest duty of the citizen is practically neglected. This is the defense of the nation in time of war. The need for military instruction is especially pressing now, since the men who were trained in the Civil War are either dead or too infirm for service; and the military experience of the Spanish-American War was very limited. ¶ "The question arises as to what we can do, through the public schools," writes General Wood, "better to prepare our people for war, war which will be as unavoidable in the future as in the past, and which will come upon us much more suddenly and with greater force and power. We can, through a proper use of the public schools, do a great deal; we can teach our boys and young men to shoot straight."

For Raising Better Fruit

¶ The fruit-grower should recognize the individuality of his trees—that each has its own peculiarities, calling for intelligent treatment. The weak ones must be properly stimulated, and the causes of weakness removed, by methods such as are described by Dr. Bailey, Dean of the Cornell Agricultural College, in "The Company of Orchard Trees." A grower, to improve his fruit, should keep a careful record of his results, and in the winter of each year outline his program for the following season.

The Annals of the Toy

¶ That the history of the world is told by the toys of children is pointed out in "Playthings of Other Days," by Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson. Each great war has filled the nursery with regiments of soldiers—toy guillotines accompanied the French Revolution; two thousand years before Christ the children played with toy water-carriers and kneaders of bread; in our own mechanical age they are entertained with miniature aeroplanes and ocean liners.



Here's a Razor Without a "Pull"

It cuts the beard clean—shaves close and smooth—yet leaves the skin without smart or roughness. It is the famous Torrey edge that does this—the edge that it has taken thirty years to bring to its present state of perfection.

Why not use this real man's razor?

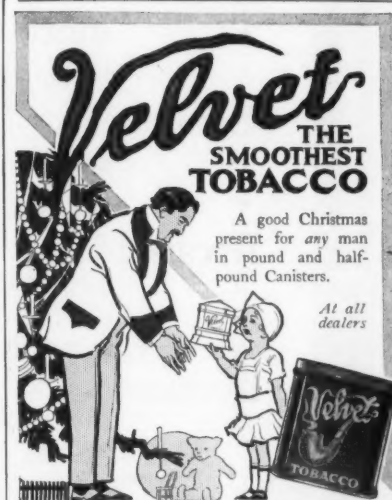
Torrey Razors

are made by expert workmen under careful supervision. Each one is put under a most rigid inspection before it is passed; so the razor must be perfect before it gets to you. Ask any one of the many millions of Torrey Razor users.

If your dealer doesn't handle the Torrey Razor, write to us. We'll see that you are supplied and also send you a copy of our book, which tells how to choose and care for a razor.

Use the New Torrey Honing Strip—the result of half-a-century of experience.

THE J. R. TORREY RAZOR COMPANY, Dept. X Worcester, Mass.



Rémoh Gems

Not Imitations

The greatest triumph of the electric furnace—a marvelously reconstructed gem. Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing, fire and acid like a diamond. Has no paste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in 14 Karat Solid gold mountings. 1.30th, the cost of diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass—will cut glass. Sent on approval. Money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write today for our De-Luxe Jewel Book—it's free for the asking. Address—

Rémoh Jewelry Co.
543 N. Broadway
St. Louis, Mo.



Oil Your CUT GLASS

with a rag moistened with "3.

is One," polish

briskly with

dry, soft cloth

to bring back the

original sparkling brilliancy.

Also clean window glass, mirrors and any glassware same way. "3-in-One" also cleans and polishes finest furniture, lubricates anything. Generous sample and oil book free. Ask

3 IN ONE OIL CO.

35 Broadway
New York City

PATENTS SECURED OR FREE RETURNED.

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS in CASH DEMAND

Many deals closed by our clients—one recently for \$680,000.00—our proof of Patents that PROTECT.

Send 8c postage for our 3 books for Inventors.

R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Div. 51 Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Boys! Ask for a KING for Christmas

Because it will give you pleasure all the year 'round. The more expert you become, the more fun it is to shoot with a KING Air-Rifle.

Because it will train your eye and your hand, and develop the sure aim and steady nerve, the sturdy American manliness, that are learned by looking over the sights of a rifle.

Because it isn't a dangerous powder-gun. It shoots air-gun shot, by compressed air. (BB shot can be used, but is not so good, because less uniform.) It's made for target-practice—not to kill things; but it will test the marksmanship of a grown man.

Because it will teach you how to handle a gun and take good care of it; it will make you cool-headed, cautious and self-controlled, so that when you're older you can handle any gun or rifle.

Be Sure You Get the Real KING

It's the only way to be sure of having the best. The KING is made by the original and largest air-rifle factory in the world. It is the recognized "Winchester" of air-guns. Read what we say about it below, and when you get your air-gun, look for the word "KING" on the side-plate.

Send Today for the KING Catalog

and see all styles, handsomely illustrated, with prices and description of each. Then go to the nearest sporting-goods, hardware or toy-store and see the guns. If you can't find the KING in your town, send money direct to us and we'll ship the guns you select, express prepaid.



THE KING holds the same supremacy among air-guns that the Winchester does in powder-rifles. It has the graceful lines of the true gun, polished nickel-steel (or gun-metal finish) barrel and accurate sights. The construction is strong and durable throughout.

The KING No. 5 is the famous "1000-shootin' air-gun." It is a lever-action repeater; magazine holds 1000 shot and loads automatically with each movement of the lever. Frame and barrel are made in one piece and can not be broken or weakened by the repeated lever-action. The gun is 36 inches long and weighs 2 pounds 8 ounces. Price \$2.00 (gun-metal finish \$2.50.)

The KING 500-shot (No. 4) resembles No. 5 in style and appearance but is somewhat lighter. There are many other models from 50c to \$1.25, and the KING Pop-Gun for the little fellows, 25c.

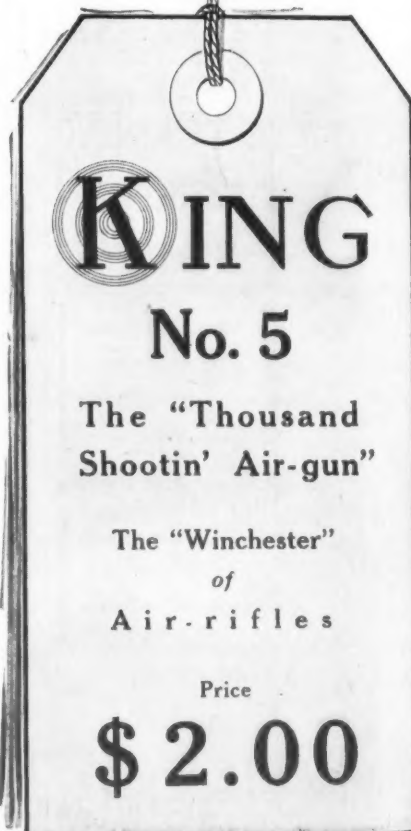
There is a KING for every boy of every age.

The Markham Air-Rifle Co.

The Original and Largest Air-Rifle Factory in the World

PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Pacific Coast Office, 717 Market St., San Francisco
Phil B. Bekeart Co., Managers

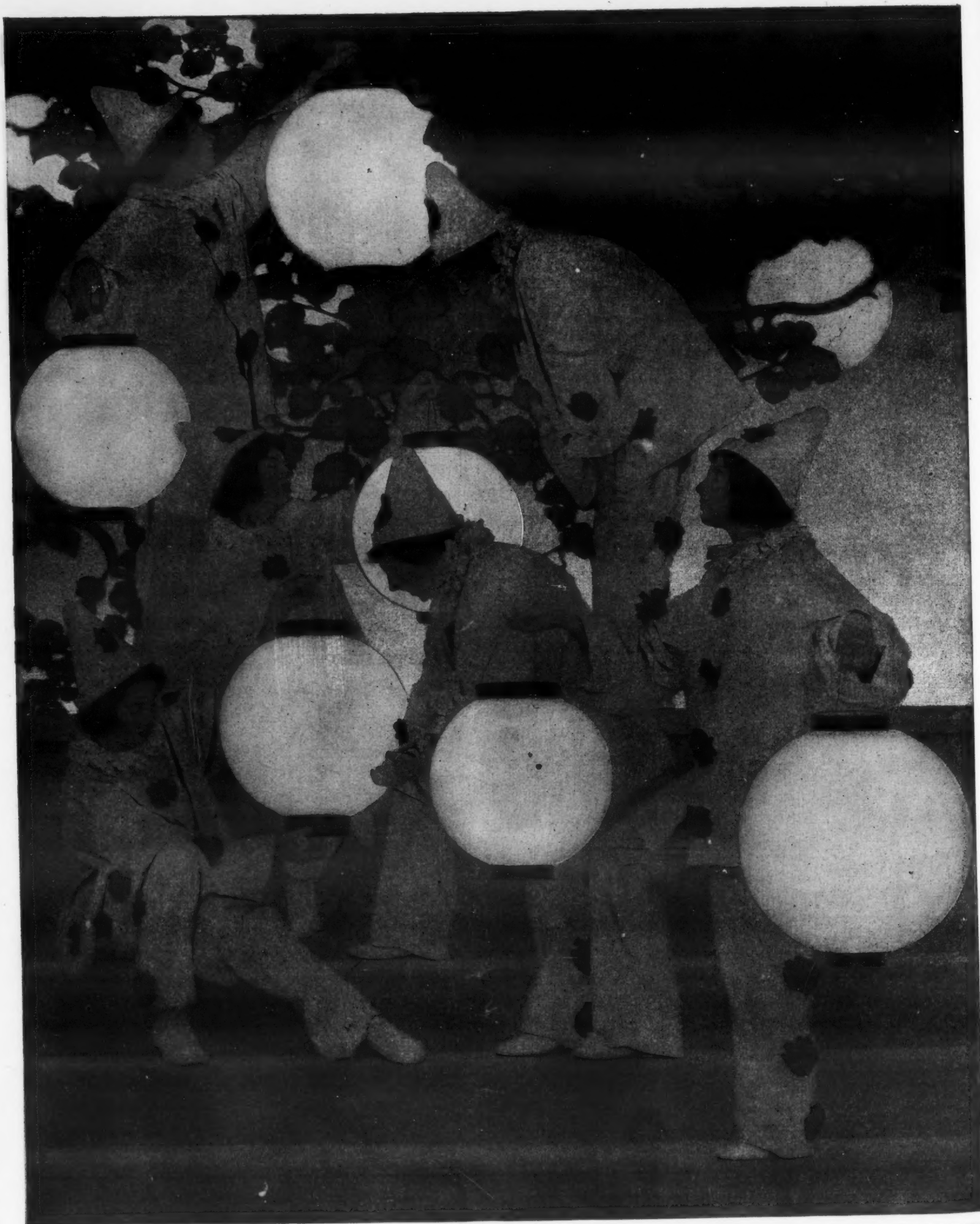


Collier's

Christmas Number



*We thank Thee as we may,
Dear Father above us,
That folks, on Christmas Day,
Remember to love us.*



COPYRIGHT 1910 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

The Lantern Bearers
PAINTED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH



The Lord of Christmas Week



MEN have long dreamed of the perfect ruler, some happy prince who shall love his people well, whose leadership shall be wise, gentle, and just. History is wistful with man's effort to find him—the hero, the strong man, the righteous ruler—and then to establish him in dominion over their broken lives and warring wills. Long ago they found Him. But all who find Him lose Him, though all have found Him fair. The eager dream came true, what time there issued out of Bethlehem the man of good-will, the lover of the race. Each year, for a handful of days, so brief, so swift to go, Lord Christ assumes the leadership. Each year we give Him Christmas Week, permitting His will to prevail, His brooding spirit to rest upon the nations.

Toward that gentle interlude—the days of the Truce of God—men longingly look through the tale of the weary months. And when the brief term is ended, yearningly our thoughts turn back to that time when we were good together. His spirit is breathed through the pensive season, like faint music in the night. Strife, anger, tumult, and the hurry of the little days are banished. For our sad mood and lonely heart He brings a comfort. To His loving-kindness we yield ourselves, as tired children lay them down to rest. In His authority we find our peace. A while we dwell in that felicity. Touched with mortality, as is all earthly beauty, the rapid days glance by, and we have lost them while the welcome is still on our lips. He comes and He passes, because our hospitality is short of duration and we are troubled about many things. We crowd Him out for other guests less radiant. If His dominion over the hearts of men were more than a lovely episode, if He might but abide, it would be well with us.



A CHRISTMAS TREE CAROL.

BY PERCY MACKAYE

ROUND the twinkling toy-bright
Rose shrill piping banter: [tree
"Stop!" one cried out scornfully,
"Stop! There is no Santa!"



MANY-colored, mystic, quaint,
In his chimney-corner,
Santa Claus, that merry saint,
Smiled upon his scorner.



THEN the chimney-light grew dim,
And the children, staring,
Saw the solemn change in him
Who their mirth was sharing.



SUDDEN there his beard so white
Turned all soft and golden,
And his brow, with holly bright,
By a thorny crown was holden.



STARK and stript, a joyless tree
Rested on his shoulder,
Crotched like one on Calvary;
And the room grew colder.



"LITTLE brothers, come to me;
Fear not to play by me.
They who mock the children's glee
More than all deny me.



"PAIN and passion they are dross
In the ever after:
Joy was born upon my cross,
From my love—your laughter."

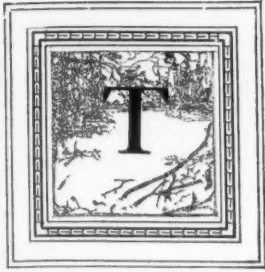


[cloud
BLITHELY then—as through a
Shrilling larks sing sunward—
All the children laughed aloud,
And the dance went onward.

The Master of Merry Disports

The Lord of Misrule at Christmas Time, and the Humdrum Days of the Year

By SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS



THE medieval Christmas festivities were in charge of a merry potentate who had but one policy, and that was to reverse all the laws that were esteemed safe and sane in the workaday world. The Lord of Misrule was acclaimed by his subjects, who were tired of the humdrum ways of the rest of the year. They were ready for a radical revolution. At Christmas-tide everything was turned topsyturvy. There should be no respect for dignities or dignitaries, no prudential virtues, no dull respectabilities. For a few glorious days in midwinter all the world played truant. Schoolmaster Experience was thrown out of doors and youth was allowed to have its fling.

"The master of merry disports" was jealous of his prerogative, and would valiantly defend his vassals against the attacks of their enemies. Even when the Puritan animosity against Christmas had gathered strength, we read of the way in which the Lord of Misrule held his own against the Lord Mayor of London.

"His Lordship advanced as high as Ram Alley in martial equipage, when forth came the Lord of Misrule, attended by his gallants, out of the Temple gate. A halberdier bade the Lord of Misrule come to my Lord Mayor. He answered: 'No, let the Lord Mayor come to me!' At length they agreed to meet half-way, and, as the interview of rival princes is never without danger of some ill-accident, so it happened in this; for the Lord of Misrule being quarreled with for not pulling off his hat to my Lord Mayor, and giving cross answers, the halberds began to fly across his ears, and he and his company to brandish their swords."



IN THESE demure days the frolic spirit of Christmas with its youthful audacities has been curbed. Our temper is more Puritan than we realize. But the essential conflict between the Christmas spirit and the maxims which govern our every-day conduct is as marked as ever.

Santa Claus is a Lord of Misrule. He is the merry denier of the Poor Richard philosophy which we teach the rest of the year. He is a scoffer at our solemn and enlightened industrial civilization. Santa Claus would be adjudged a heretic by the High Court of Inquisition which protects the infallible decrees of political economy.

The rogue cares nothing for the sacred laws of supply and demand. Look into his pack and see what a strange assortment of things useful and useless. All the values are purely sentimental. He gives what people enjoy rather than what wise people with scientific training say they ought to enjoy. He is an accomplice in all sorts of foolish pleasures that make the judicious grieve.

He does a thriving business on principles that would drive any one else into bankruptcy. He makes no pretense of giving for value received. The improvident fellow never attempts to make both ends meet. He is not careful to fulfil engagements or to

satisfy just expectations. He is always planning a little surprise, and takes an elfish delight in giving something more than was looked for. In the gift-giving, joy-seeking, and joy-diffusing season we hardly know ourselves or the world. It seems as if a different element were introduced into all our affairs. What a complete confusion of values there is when with laughter and good-will the family gathers around the Christmas tree!

Here is Uncle Ned, who on the street is known as a hard-headed business man, who looks after his own interests with an assiduity that commands success. A couple of months ago he was scared to death because he was afraid that something would be done that might possibly interfere with the rights of property. To hear him talk, you would suppose that property was the only thing that had rights, and that those who talked of the rights of men or women or of little children were no better than anarchists. He had heard that demagogues were going about uttering on the stump sentiments that were only appropriate for the pulpit. Uncle Ned was so frightened that he actually cast a vote on Election Day. He felt that it was time for the better classes to assert themselves. Otherwise the people would be carried away into dangerous sentimentalism. In the first week of November he was very fierce. But now, as the 25th of December comes again, what a transformation! The dear old hypocrite! Uncle Ned isn't a hard money-getter who measures everything in dollars and cents. He is a big, simple-hearted boy, whose hair is becoming sparse, but whose heart is very much what it was forty odd years ago. He likes to have a good time, but he likes best to see others have a good time. How pleasantly and naturally he disports himself in his native element of altruism.

He carries his good-will to the utmost limit. He is a dangerous communist, teaching his little nephews and nieces to make light of the dignity of those solemn divinities of the market-place, Meum and Tuum. To Uncle Ned, in his Christmasing enthusiasm, property is robbery. Things are made only to be given away. For weeks he has been planning sly ways of getting rid of his unearned increment. And it must be confessed that his methods have been far from scientific. For he is at heart a demagogue, scattering his largesses among the infant proletariat and greedily enjoying their approbation. He is an unabashed apostate from the faith of the rest of the year.



WHEN we think of the contrast between Uncle Ned whom the children know at Christmas and the keen trader who has hardened himself to the competitive struggle upon the street, we are reminded again of the contention between the Christmas Lord of Misrule and the Lord Mayor of London. Which shall have precedence? When the glad and generous spirit of Christmas confronts the anxious and striving spirit of a commercial and industrial civilization, which shall yield?

There are enthusiastic idealists who foresee such a rapid change in human relationships and in the methods of doing the world's work that the year will be one long Christmas. Every one will be intent on giving according to his ability, and will be content to

receive according to his need. There will be, then, no more contention in regard to mine and thine, but only a brotherly enjoyment of what is ours.

To some of us this would seem almost too much of a good thing. We are daunted by the vision of an endless Christmas, as we are by the prophecy of a beatific state where "congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end." Tastes differ. We should like to do some things for ourselves and not have everything done for us, even though everything were well done. We enjoy a little struggle with our fellow men and like to think of life as "this adventure's chanceful jeopardy."



BUT Uncle Ned need not be afraid that unlimited altruism will come in suddenly. Such landslides in human nature do not happen. We shall, doubtless, always be as selfish as is good for us and for the world.

The question is whether many of us are not habitually more self-absorbed than is good either for our health or our usefulness. Might not Christmas be profitably prolonged and its spirit be more evenly diffused through the three hundred and sixty-five days?

We do not ask impossibilities. We only say to the eager man of affairs: We do not expect you to be either a St. Francis or a Tolstoy; but we should like to see you an American gentleman who is not afraid to allow his virtues to become acquainted with one another.

It seems a pity that so much simple-hearted, unaffected good-will should be confined to the family circle. And there should be a longer open season in which you could enjoy altruistic pleasure. There is no reason why you should not snatch many a moment in which to feel as you feel to-day. There are daily opportunities to do generous deeds and to give gifts which do not pauperize. Of course, you will say that you are too busy, but that is only begging the question.

Why not listen to Izaak Walton as in "the cool shade of a sweet honeysuckle hedge" he walks with his friend to Tottenham Highcross. His was an old-fashioned philosophy of life; but human life is an old-fashioned thing and does not admit of very many variations.

"Let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed and angled, and sung and slept securely, and rose next day and cast away care and sung and laughed and angled again, which are blessings rich men can not purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh."



WE PARDON Piscator and Venator when, like very Pharisees, they sit under the sweet honeysuckle hedge and thank God that they are not as other men are, even as this rich neighbor who is too busy to laugh. At Christmas time the most enterprising and successful American may be allowed to sympathize with their point of view.



The Mistletoe Maid

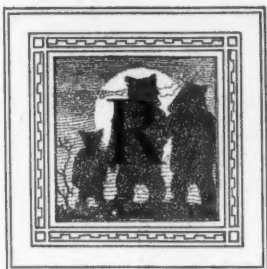
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



The Nature Faker

Papa Bear and Mama Bear and Baby Bear Find a Fairy Godfather



RICHARD HERRICK was a young man with a gentle disposition, much money, and no sense of humor. His object in life was to marry Miss Catherweight. For three years she had tried to persuade him this could not be, and

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

back and explain he was their friend, that it was due to him they lived in peace. He was glad they were happy. He was glad it was through him that, undisturbed, they could live the simple life.

His fall came through ambition. Herrick himself attributed it to his too great devotion to nature and nature's children. Jackson, he of the frivolous mind, attributed it to the fact that any man is sure to come to grief who turns from the worship of God's noblest handiwork, by which Jackson meant woman, to worship chipmunks and Plymouth Rock hens.

One night Jackson lured Herrick into New York to a dinner and a music hall. He invited also one Kelly, a mutual friend of a cynical and combative disposition. Jackson liked to hear him and Herrick abuse each other, and always introduced subjects he knew would cause each to lose his temper.

But, on this night, Herrick needed no goading. He was in an ungrateful mood. Accustomed to food fresh from the soil and the farmyard, he sneered at hothouse asparagus, hothouse grapes, and cold-storage quail. At the music hall he was even more difficult. In front of him sat a stout lady who when she shook with laughter shed patchouli and a man who smoked American cigarettes. At these and the steam heat, the nostrils of Herrick, trained to the odor of balsam and the smoke of open wood fires, took offense. He refused to be amused. The monologue artist, in whom Jackson found delight, caused Herrick only to groan; the knock-about comedians he hoped would break their collar-bones; the lady who danced Salome, and who fascinated Kelly, Herrick prayed would catch pneumonia and die of it.

And when the drop rose upon the Countess Zichy's educated bears, his dissatisfaction reached a climax.



HERE were three bears—a large papa bear, a mama bear, and the baby bear. On the program they were described as Bruno, Clara, and Ikey. They were of a dusty brown, with long curling noses tipped with white, and fat, tanned bellies. When father Bruno, on his hind legs and bare feet, waddled down the stage, he resembled a Hebrew gentleman in a brown bathing suit who had lost his waist-line. As he tripped doubtfully forward, with mincing steps, he continually and mournfully wagged his head. He seemed to be saying: "This water is much too cold for me." The mama bear was dressed in a poke bonnet and white apron, and resembled the wolf who frightened little Red Riding-Hood, and Ikey, the baby bear, wore rakishly over one eye the pointed cap of a clown. To those who knew their vaudeville, this was indisputable evidence that Ikey would furnish the comic relief. Nor did Ikey disappoint them. He was a wayward son. When his parents were laboriously engaged in a boxing-match, or dancing to the "Merry Widow Waltz," or balancing on step-ladders, Ikey, on all fours, would scamper

to the footlights and, leaning over, make a swift grab at the first trombone. And when the Countess Zichy, apprised by the shouts of the audience of Ikey's misconduct, waved a toy whip, Ikey would gallop back to his pedestal and howl at her. To every one, except Herrick and, possibly, the first trombone, this playfulness on the part of Ikey furnished great delight.

The performances of the bears ended with Bruno and Clara dancing heavily to the refrain of the "Merry Widow Waltz," while Ikey pretended to conduct the music of the orchestra. On the final call, Madame Zichy threw to each of the animals a beer bottle filled with milk; and the gusto with which the savage-looking beasts uncorked the bottles and drank from them greatly amused the audience. Ikey, standing on his hind legs, his head thrown back, with both paws clasping the base of the bottle, shoved the neck far down his throat, and then, hurling it from him, and cocking his clown's hat over his eyes, gave a masterful imitation of a very intoxicated bear.



"HAT," exclaimed Herrick hotly, "is a degrading spectacle. It degrades the bear and degrades me and you."

"No, it bores me," said Kelly. "If you understood nature," retorted Herrick, "and nature's children, it would infuriate you."

"I don't go to a music hall to get infuriated," said Kelly.

"Trained dogs I don't mind," exclaimed Herrick. "Dogs are not wild animals. The things they're trained to do are of use. They can guard the house, or herd sheep. But a bear is a wild beast. Always will be a wild beast. You can't train him to be of use. It's degrading to make him ride a bicycle. I hate it! If I'd known there were to be performing bears to-night, I wouldn't have come!"

"And if I'd known you were to be here to-night, I wouldn't have come!" said Kelly. "Where do we go to next?"

They went next to a restaurant in a gaily decorated cellar. Into this young men like themselves and beautiful ladies were so anxious to hurl themselves that to restrain them a rope was swung across the entrance and page boys stood on guard. When a young man became too anxious to spend his money, the page boys pushed in his shirt front. After they had fought their way to a table, Herrick ungraciously remarked he would prefer to sup in a subway station. The people, he pointed out, would be more human, the decorations were much of the same Turkish-bath school of art, and the air was no worse.

"Cheer up, Clarence!" begged Jackson, "you'll soon be dead. To-morrow you'll be back among your tree-toads and sunsets. And, let us hope," he sighed, "no one will try to stop you!"

"What worries me is this," explained Herrick. "I can't help thinking, that, if one night of this artificial life is so hard upon me, what must it be to those bears!"

Kelly exclaimed, with exasperation: "Confound the bears!" he cried. "If you must

finally, in order to convince him, married some one else. When the woman he loves marries another man, the rejected one is popularly supposed to take to drink or to foreign travel. Statistics show that, instead, he instantly falls in love with the best friend of the girl who refused him. But, as Herrick truly loved Miss Catherweight, he could not worship any other woman, and became a lover of Nature. Nature, he assured his men friends, does not disappoint you. The more thought, care, affection you give to nature, the more she gives you in return, and while, so he admitted, in wooing nature there are no great moments, there are no heartaches. Jackson, one of the men friends, and of a frivolous disposition, said that he also could admire a landscape, but he would rather look at the beautiful eyes of a girl he knew than at the Lakes of Killarney, with a full moon, a setting sun, and the aurora borealis for a background. Herrick suggested that, while the beautiful eyes might seek those of another man, the Lakes of Killarney would always remain where you could find them.

Herrick pursued his new love in Connecticut on an abandoned farm which he converted into a "model" one. On it he established model dairies and model incubators. He laid out old-fashioned gardens, sunken gardens, Italian gardens, landscape gardens, and a game preserve. The game preserve was his own especial care and pleasure. It consisted of two hundred acres of dense forest and hills and ridges of rock. It was filled with mysterious caves, deep chasms, tiny gurgling streams, nestling springs, and wild laurel. It was barricaded with fallen tree-trunks and moss-covered rocks that had never felt the foot of man since that foot had worn a moccasin. Around the preserve was a high fence stout enough to keep poachers on the outside and to persuade the wild animals that inhabited it to linger on the inside. These wild animals were squirrels, rabbits, and raccoons. Every day, in sunshine or in rain, entering through a private gate, Herrick would explore this holy of holies. For such vermin as would destroy the gentler animals he carried a gun. But it was turned only on those that preyed upon his favorites. For hours he would climb through this wilderness, or, seated on a rock, watch a bluebird building her nest or a squirrel laying in rations against the coming of the snowing. In time he grew to think he knew and understood the inhabitants of this wild place of which he was the overlord. He looked upon them not as his tenants, but as his guests. And when they fled from him in terror to caves and hollow tree-trunks, he wished he might call them



"That," exclaimed Herrick hotly, "is a degrading spectacle,—it degrades the bear and degrades me and you"

spoil my supper weeping over animals, weep over cart-horses. They work. Those bears are loafers. They're as well fed as pet canaries. They're aristocrats."

"But it's not a free life!" protested Herrick. "It's not the life they love."

"It's a darned sight better," declared Kelly, "than sleeping in a damp wood, eating raw blackberries—"

"The more you say," retorted Herrick, "the more you show you know nothing whatsoever of nature's children and their habits."

"And all you know of them," returned Kelly, "is that a cat has nine lives and a barking dog won't bite. You're a nature faker."

HERRICK refused to be diverted. "It hurt me," he said. "They were so big, and good-natured, and helpless. I'll bet that woman beats them! I kept thinking of them as they were in the woods, tramping over the clean pine needles, eating nuts, and—honey, and—"

"Buns!" suggested Jackson.

"I can't forget them," said Herrick. "It's going to haunt me, to-morrow, when I'm back in the woods; I'll think of those poor beasts capering in a hot theater, when they ought to be out in the open as God meant them—"

"Well, then," protested Kelly, "take 'em to the open. And turn 'em loose! And I hope they bite you!"

At this Herrick frowned so deeply that Kelly feared he had gone too far. Inwardly, he reproved himself for not remembering that his friend lacked a sense of humor. But Herrick undecieved him.

"You are right!" he exclaimed. "To-morrow I will buy those bears, take them to the farm, and turn them loose!"

No objections his friends could offer could divert him from his purpose. When they urged that to spend so much money in such a manner was criminally wasteful, he pointed out that he was sufficiently rich to indulge any extravagant fancy, whether in polo ponies or bears; when they warned him that if he did not look out the bears would catch him alone in the

woods and eat him, he retorted that the bears were now educated to a different diet; when they said he should consider the peace of mind of his neighbors, he assured them the fence around his game preserve would restrain an elephant.

"Besides," protested Kelly, "what you propose to do is not only impracticable, but it's cruelty to animals. A domesticated animal can't return to a state of nature, and live."

"Can't it?" jeered Herrick. "Did you ever read 'The Call of the Wild'?"

"Did you ever read," retorted Kelly, "what happened at the siege of Ladysmith when the oats ran low and they drove the artillery horses out to grass? They starved, that's all. And if you don't feed your bears on milk out of a bottle they'll starve too."

"That's what will happen," cried Jackson; "those bears have forgotten what a pine forest smells like. Maybe it's a pity, but it's the fact. I'll bet if you could ask 'em whether they'd rather sleep in a cave on your farm or be head-liners in vaudeville, they'd tell you they were 'devoted to their art.'"

"Why!" exclaimed Kelly, "they're so far from nature that if they didn't have that colored boy to comb and brush them twice a day they'd be ashamed to look each other in the eyes."

AND another thing," continued Jackson, "trained animals love to 'show off.' They're like children. Those bears enjoy doing those tricks. They enjoy the applause. They enjoy dancing to the 'Merry Widow Waltz.' And if you lock them up in your jungle, they'll get so homesick that they'll give a performance twice a day to the squirrels and woodpeckers."

"It's just as hard to unlearn a thing as to learn it," said Kelly, sententiously. "You can't make a man who has learned to wear shoes enjoy going around in his bare feet."

"Rot!" cried Herrick. "Look at me. Didn't I love New York? I loved it so I never went to bed. I was afraid I'd miss something. But when I went 'Back to the Land,' did it take me long to fall in love with the forests and the green fields? It took me a week. I go to bed

now the same day I get up, and I've passed on my high hat and frock coat to a scarecrow. And I'll bet you when those bears once scent the wild woods they'll stampede for them like Croker going to a third alarm."

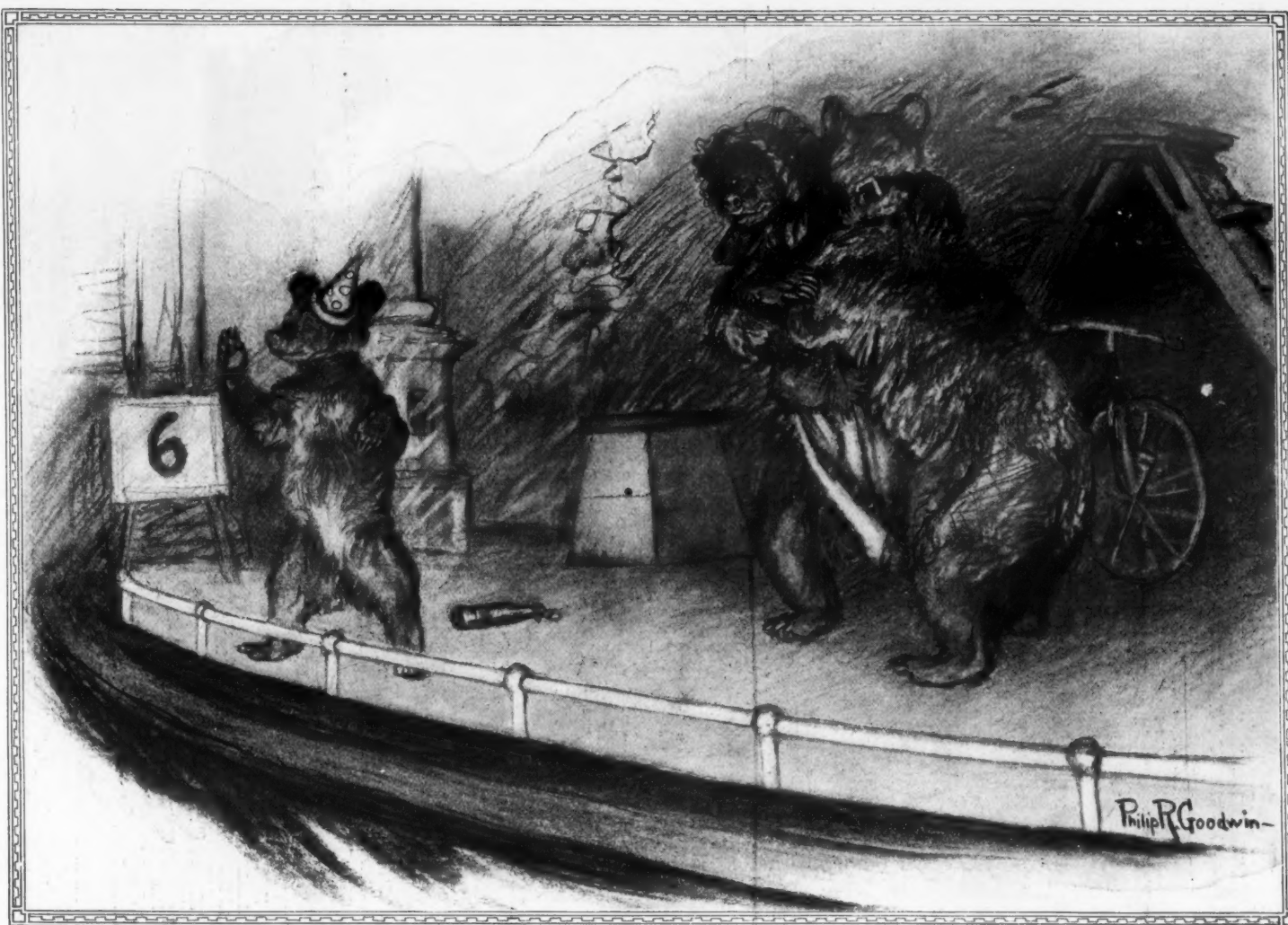
"And I repeat," cried Kelly, "you are a nature faker. And I'll leave it to the bears to prove it."

"We have done our best," sighed Jackson. "We have tried to save him money and trouble. And now all he can do for us in return is to give us seats for the opening performance."

WHAT the bears cost Herrick he never told. But it was a very large sum. As the Countess Zichy pointed out, bears as bears, in a state of nature, are cheap. If it were just a bear he wanted, he himself could go to Pike County, Pennsylvania, and trap one. What he was paying for, she explained, was the time she had spent in educating the Bruno family, and added to that the time during which she must now remain idle while she educated another family.

Herrick knew for what he was paying. It was the pleasure of rescuing unwilling slaves from bondage. As to their expensive education, if they returned to a state of ignorance as rapidly as did most college graduates he knew, he would be satisfied. Two days later, when her engagement at the music hall closed, Madame Zichy reluctantly turned over her pets to their new manager. With Ikey she was especially loath to part.

"I'll never get one like him," she wailed. "Ikey is the funniest four-legged clown in America. He's a natural born comedian. Folks think I learn him those tricks, but it's all his own stuff. Only last week we was playing Paolis in Bridgeport, and when I was putting Bruno through the hoops, Ikey runs to the stage-box and grabs a pound of caramels out of a girl's lap—and swallows the box. And in St. Paul, if the trombone hadn't wore a wig, Ikey would have scalped him. Say, it was a scream! When the audience see the trombone snatched bald-headed, and him trying to get back his wig, and Ikey chewing it, they went crazy. You can't learn a bear tricks like that. It's just genius."



Bruno and Clara dancing heavily, while Ikey pretended to conduct the music of the orchestra

Some folks think I taught him to act like he was intoxicated, but he picked that up, too, all by himself, through watching my husband. And Ikey's very fond of beer on his own account. If I don't stop 'em the stage hands would be always slipping him drinks. I hope you won't give him none."

"I will not!" said Herrick.

The bears, Ikey in one cage and Bruno and Clara in another, traveled by express to the station nearest the Herrick estate. There they were transferred to a farm wagon, and grumbling and growling, and with Ikey howling like an unspanked child, they were conveyed to the game preserve. At the only gate that entered it, Kelly and Jackson and a specially invited house party of youths and maidens were gathered to receive them. At a greater distance stood all of the servants and farm hands, and as the wagon backed against the gate, with the door of Ikey's cage opening against it, the entire audience, with one accord, moved solidly to the rear. Herrick, with a pleased but somewhat nervous smile, mounted the wagon. But before he could unlock the cage Kelly demanded to be heard. He insisted that, following the custom of all great artists, the bears should give a "positively farewell performance."

HE BEGGED that Bruno and Clara might be permitted to dance together. He pointed out that this would be the last time they could listen to the strains of the "Merry Widow Waltz." He called upon everybody present to whistle it.

The suggestion of an open air performance was received coldly. At the moment no one seemed able to pucker his lips into a whistle, and some even explained that with that famous waltz they were unfamiliar.

One girl attained an instant popularity by pointing out that the bears could waltz just as well on one side of the fence as the other. Kelly, cheated of his free performance, then begged that before Herrick condemned the bears to starve on acorns, he should give them a farewell drink, and Herrick, who was slightly rattled, replied excitedly that he had not ransomed

the animals only to degrade them. The argument was interrupted by the French chef falling out of a tree. He had climbed it, he explained, in order to obtain a better view.

WHEN, in turn, it was explained to him that a bear also could climb a tree, he remembered he had left his oven door open. His departure reminded other servants of duties they had neglected, and one of the guests, also, on remembering he had put in a long-distance call, hastened to the house. Jackson suggested that perhaps they had better all return with him, as the presence of so many people might frighten the bears. At the moment he spoke, Ikey emitted a hideous howl, whether of joy or rage no one knew, and few remained to find out. It was not until Herrick had investigated and reported that Ikey still was behind the bars that the house party cautiously returned. The house party then filed a vigorous protest. Its members, with Jackson as spokesman, complained that Herrick was relying entirely too much on his supposition that the bears would be anxious to enter the forest. Jackson pointed out that, should they not care to do so, there was nothing to prevent them from doubling back under the wagon; in which case the house party and all of the United States lay before them. It was not until a lawn-tennis net and much chicken wire was stretched in intricate thicknesses across the lower half of the gate that Herrick was allowed to proceed. Unassisted, he slid back the cage door, and without a moment's hesitation Ikey leaped from the wagon through the gate and into the preserve. For an instant, dazed by the sudden sunlight, he remained motionless, and then, after sniffing delightedly at the air, stuck his nose deep into the autumn leaves. Turning on his back, he luxuriously and joyfully kicked his legs, and rolled from side to side.

Herrick gave a shout of joy and triumph. "What did I tell you!" he called. "See how he loves it! See how happy he is."

"Not at all," protested Kelly. "He thought you gave him the sign to 'roll over.' Tell him to 'play dead,' and he'll do that."

"Tell ALL the bears to 'play dead,'" begged Jackson, "until I'm back in the billiard-room."

Flushed with happiness, Herrick tossed Ikey's cage out of the wagon, and opened the door of the one that held Bruno and Clara. On their part, there was a moment of doubt. As though suspecting a trap, they moved to the edge of the cage and gazed critically at the screen of trees and tangled vines that rose before them.

"They think it's a new backdrop," explained Kelly.

The delight with which Ikey was enjoying his bath in the autumn leaves was not lost upon his parents. Slowly and clumsily they dropped to the ground. As though they expected to be recalled, each turned to look at the group of people who had now run to peer through the wire meshes of the fence. But, as no one spoke and no one signaled, the three bears, in single file, started toward the edge of the forest. They had of cleared space to cover only a little distance, and at each step, as though fearful they would be stopped and punished, one or the other turned his head. But no one halted them. With quickening footsteps the bears, now almost at a gallop, plunged forward. The next instant they were lost to sight, and only the crackling of the underbrush told that they had come into their own.

HERRICK dropped to the ground and locked himself inside the preserve.

"I'm going after them," he called, "to see what they'll do."

There was a frantic chorus of cries and entreaties.

"Don't be an ass!" begged Jackson. "They'll eat you."

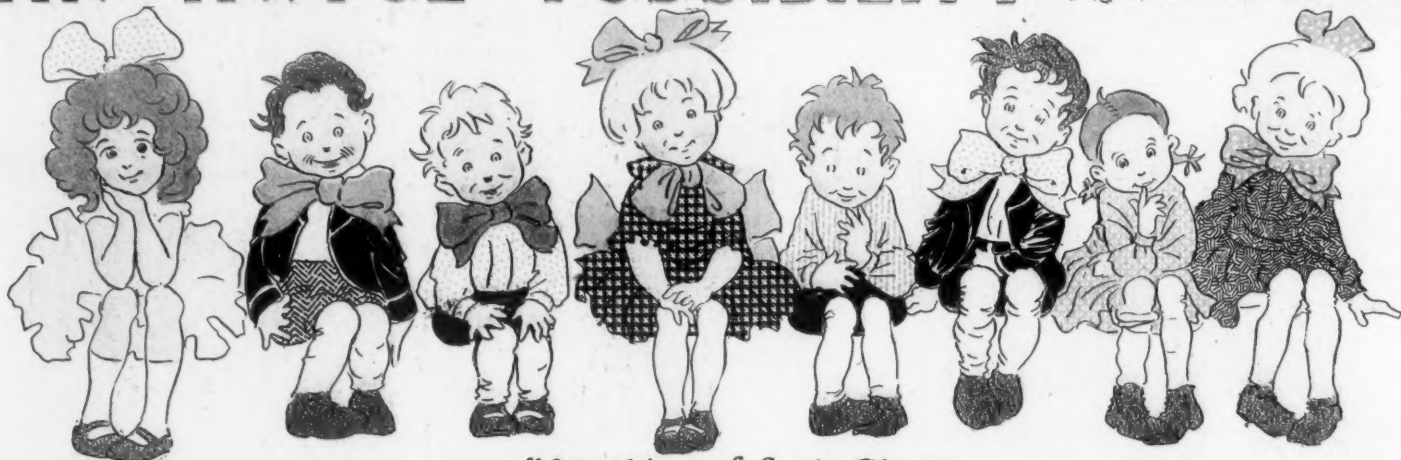
Herrick waved his hand reassuringly.

"They won't even see me," he explained. "I can find my way about this place better than they can. And I'll keep to windward of them, and watch them. Go to the house," he commanded. "I'll be with you in an hour, and report."

It was with real relief that, on assembling for dinner, the house party found Herrick, in high spirits, with the usual number of limbs, and awaiting them. The experiment had proved a

(Continued on page 34)

AN AWFUL POSSIBILITY By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



"Speaking of Santa Claus—



We understand he will not give any presents this year—



to any little girls and boys—



except good little girls and boys."

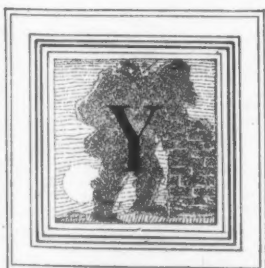
McCUTCHEON



The mules fell upon the excuse to halt dead

The Purloined Christmas

Santa Claus is Held Up by Road Agents, but Christmas Comes Just the Same



YOUNG Dr. Peyton, who had planned for that year's Christmas with more than his usual pains and ingenuity, laughed with triumph when he saw that there was also going to be snow. In New York that storm was a blizzard, further west it was more than a blizzard; but along the Carolina coast it was a thing of joy forever. It was snow at Christmas for the first time in seven years. And it wasn't merely white rain

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

It was snow: snow that lay thick and dry over farm land and swamp land; snow that in the warmest corners became damp enough to be packed into snowballs; snow so deep that not even a sudden rise of temperature to 60° could sweep it all away before Christmas was past and over. But the mercury did not rise beyond 28°, and there it remained.

Dr. Peyton's plans for Christmas were his own exclusive property. Not even his wife had an inkling of them, though she was told that immediately after Christmas morning it would be the best policy to keep the children and the guests as much as possible on the south side of the house, with a weather eye down the long avenue of oaks.

The children were only told that this year it would not be profitable to hang up stockings.

It was pointed out to them that Santa Claus had been growing so fat during the Republican administration that he could no longer be expected to negotiate even the great drawing-room chimney of Peyton House. Dr. Peyton had once actually descended that chimney in a thoughtless spasm of holiday enthusiasm; and his adventures had been such as would make Poe's descent into the maelstrom very tame reading by comparison.

Christmas celebrations, he had been arguing with himself, like almost all other celebrations, have too scattered an effect: stockings in the morning, followed by a heavy punishment of candy; dinner in the afternoon instead of at

night; a Christmas tree at dark; more stuffing; high tea for the grown-ups, with ever too much champagne, and last of all, one of these long horrible nights during which the stomach proves its power upon the mind—and children seem to themselves to fall from vast heights forever, or to be pursued by unspeakable "Its" and "Thems"—and grown-ups dream that they have lost their money, murdered their gentle old parents, and been caught; or that their entire families are drowning, and that the one thing to do to save them is to find the key to the cellar door, and fry it.

Peyton always claimed that Dewey's triumph down Fifth Avenue was an ideal sort of celebration. Sousa, soldiers and a hero all in a short thrilling procession—that came suddenly, went suddenly; and had no long, uninteresting tail dragging after it. So he wished it to be with his Christmas; he wished to produce one tremendously satisfying Christmas effect, and no more. Upon that altar he sacrificed the usual stockings and the usual tree. If a really truly Santa Claus, drawn by almost really truly reindeers, arriving out of parts unknown with a pack containing presents for the children that had actually been asked for in writing, and for the guests surprise presents so expensive that they could not but please—if such an event could give satisfaction, then it was to be had. If not—well, he would try another way, another year.

Ill health had long since obliged Peyton to give up his New York practise. And although the sport-compelling winter climate of the Carolina coast had arrested, if not cured, his disease, he felt that he had dropped too far behind the times to resume his work. And even more important than that, his hands had forever lost their astonishing cunning in the handling of instruments. Such being his case, he was very lucky to have married a girl who looked at everything in the world from his side, and had quantities of money. Peyton himself had a decent income; and he would have married her if she had been a pauper, so that there could never be any misunderstandings between them.

TO HAVE had to give up his practise just as the whole world was beginning to believe that he could perform certain operations better than any one else had been very hard on Peyton. And at first the pursuit of open-air sport the year round had been torture to him; for in his time he had loved the smell of oil. And he had loved to help the unfortunate, and to stand against Death and outface him, outmaneuver him, and send him packing. And he had been so very young to be shouldered with such great responsibilities, and there had seemed to be so many years of improvement and invention before him.

Nobody but Mrs. Peyton knew what the sacrifice of his ambition had cost Peyton. She presented him with a son and heir. Couldn't he be perfectly happy now? Apparently not. He was happier; but often she saw the sad brooding look in his great, courageous eyes—so she went to work, as women will, in her own quiet way, and she took peaches and cream, and the finest red brown silk that ever was spun, and one morning when the present was all finished (she was so anxious to surprise him and make him happy that she couldn't wait till after breakfast) she presented him with a daughter—as in the world at that time there was not to be found such another.

When the daughter's hand, shaped like a starfish, closed about Peyton's finger, his troubles and disappointments and regrets fell from him



"Howdy, Mister Chris'mas!"

By FRANK L. STANTON

HOWDY, Mister Chris'mas! You been mighty long away,
But we felt de worl' a-rollin' ter de Halleluia Day!
De Win', it whistled fer you—ter wake you f'um yo' sleep,
An' you must er heerd de music dat de fiddle couldn't keep!

Quick step, or slow,

De ways o' you we know;

Han's 'roun' in de dancin' an' you'll shake away de snow!

HOWDY, Mister Chris'mas! Here's yo' time an' chance—
All yo' li'l' chilluns, an' de gals is fer de dance.
De Win' blowed off yo' a'rship in de middle o' de night,
But de folks'll keep you flyin' w'en de fiddle's feelin' right!

All de word you know

Is "Happy, high an' low!"

Han's 'roun' ter de music, an' you'll shake away de snow.

like worn-out garments; and from that moment he had begun to grow strong and well. Altogether they had five children, and a baby, and although the baby had been very cross during teething, they had decided to keep him.

For this much family, then, and for no less than seventeen guests, Peyton had assumed the responsibility of producing a satisfactory Christmas. But the snow had so changed his details that he was late for Christmas Eve dinner, and absent (a coon-skin coat over his dinner clothes) during most of the evening.

Two carpenters had been sent for, and Peyton was with them in the stables working at something or other. So much the children and the guests knew; and no more.

Even to a confirmed duck hunter it is not easy to rise at black four o'clock of a cold winter morning. Should a man shave and cut himself at such a time, he would bleed cold blood. Breakfast is set out for him, but he only eats because he knows that later in the day he would otherwise be faint; even the piping hot coffee is as hard to swallow as so much cotton. So Peyton, for all his enthusiasm and determination to make the day pleasant for others, rose miserably on Christmas morning at four o'clock. It would not be well to look too closely at the wretched train of thought that pursued him during his bath and his breakfast. It was un-Christian. But after a while the great fire in the dining-room had warmed him through, and the smoke of tobacco began to taste pleasantly. Twenty minutes later he was driving away through the pine woods to the hunting lodge where his final preparations were to be made. The sleigh which the carpenters and himself had improvised had gone on the night before; he could see its tracks in the snow; but the four mules and the Santa Claus pack and suit had been in readiness for several days. It remained only to reach the lodge, dress himself and the mules, and return in glory. Then—if the grand arrival fell a little flat—why, perhaps the presents would right the matter. He began to think that he had taken a great deal of

trouble for a very small result. So a playwright must feel on the eve of a production.

Turning into a long straight stretch of road, he saw far along it the slouching figure of a man trudging in the opposite direction. The man had a gun over his shoulder, and was followed, close at heel, by a couple of long-legged, reddish yellow curs. One of these must have heard Peyton's horse, for he whipped about and began to bark. The man turned on the instant and, perceiving who was following him, jumped quickly from the road into a snow-thatched thicket of young pine and holly.

Peyton was angered. Ever since he had rebuilt (and renamed) Peyton Hall, and had bought in the thousands of sporting acres, islands, lakes, and ocean beaches that surrounded it, he had been in trouble with the lawless persons who had continued, mostly at night, to use and enjoy these lands, but more especially what came off them. Often at stillly midnight you might hear a sudden sound as of a blast fired in a quarry; and you knew that perhaps a hundred canvas-backs, at several dollars the pair, had been slaughtered at the one discharge. Peyton had waged a long war against the poachers; now winning a battle, now seeing stacks of choice hay on fire against the sky line.

The man who had just left the road had evidently had no business in these parts, with a gun on his shoulder and dogs at his heel. But what could you do about it? He was now either a quarter of a mile off, and still running, or he had stopped in the thicket and unseen would perhaps tantalize himself by pointing his gun at the passing doctor.

As he drove by the thicket Peyton shivered in spite of himself; but he looked straight ahead. He was sure that he had heard a dog whine. But, as a matter of fact, he had heard nothing of the kind, and had been in no danger, unless there was a threat in the fact that the poacher continued to run long after he was far even from the sound of Peyton's voice. He ran far and fast, but not as one runs who is afraid; rather as a cross-country runner, keeping himself well in hand, and determined to win his race.

His face was an evil thing to see on Christmas Day in the morning, or on any other day of the year. Half of it was an intolerable purple birthmark; the eyes were narrow, inflamed, and without a spark of honor; his teeth, for he now ran with his mouth open, were an abomination. He was a masterpiece of in-breeding and dirt.

He was one of seven brothers whom Peyton had managed to land in jail. Five were at large again, but one, the oldest, who had been caught red-handed in the act of firing the overseer's house in which there were children asleep, had been given the extreme penalty provided by the law, and another had died in the prison of blood poisoning from a gunshot wound inflicted during his capture. Had Peyton known who the man in the road was, he would have had the good sense not to pass the thicket. But he did not even suspect it. For time goes so quickly that he supposed the man to be still in jail.

FOR some years, indeed, the poachers had given but little trouble; and, after all, if a man can not venture where he will on his own land, life is indeed a perilous affair.

Peyton drew up at the hunting lodge in a fresh and thick falling of snow. Half a dozen negroes came grinning out to him, wishing him Merry Christmas—and pocketing the proceeds.

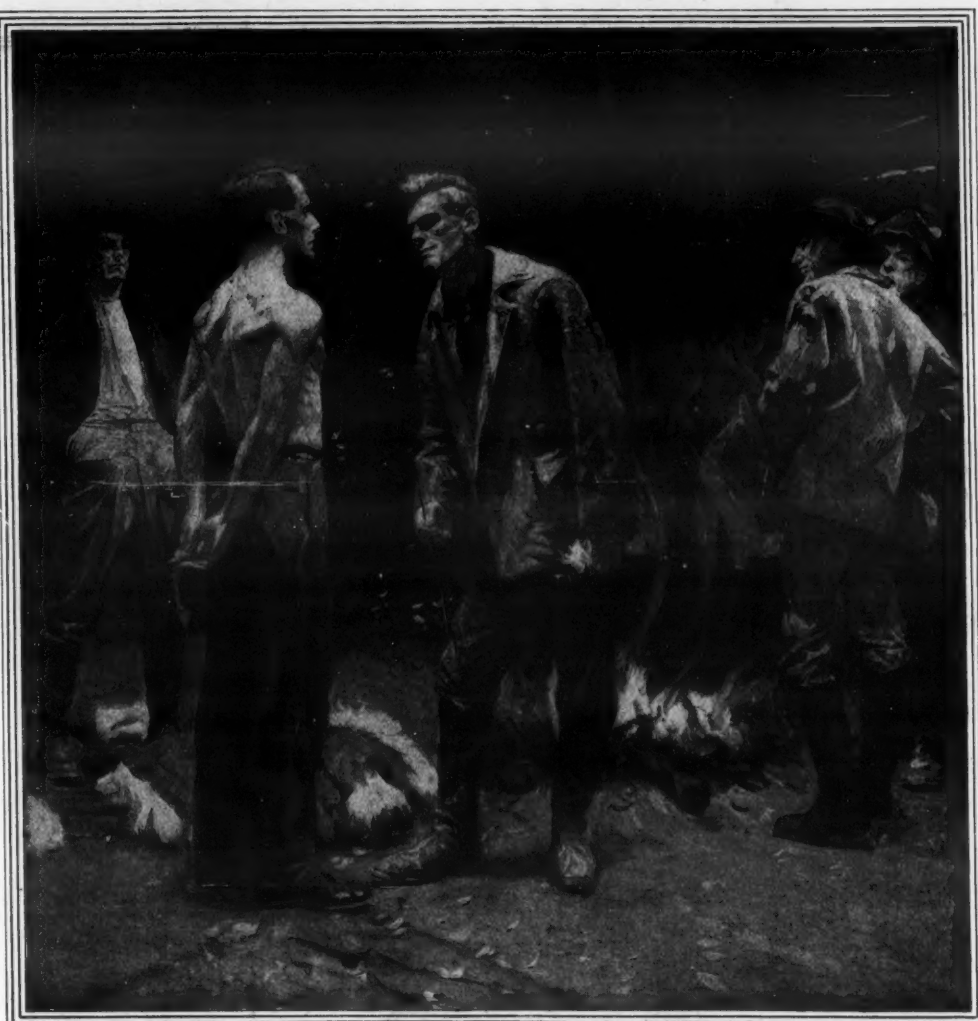
The mules, when Peyton had finished with

them, looked about as much like reindeer as I do. The wheelers had broad-shoveled, many-tined moose antlers rakishly bound to their foreheads; the leaders wore the horns of two elk that Peyton had once shot in Wyoming. And the mules disliked the horns, and kept looking foxily about for some human being near enough to bite or kick. The colors, red and white, of their harness seemed to anger them; and only the knowledge that any sudden movement caused an infinite number of nasty little bells to ring kept them quiet and abashed. It is true that a direct, long-eared ancestor of these mules had once figured in a certain stable in Bethlehem; but any orthodox and Christian spirit that their family must have once inherited had long since been used up. All days on which there was work to do looked alike to them; but if they ever managed to pass themselves off as sick, lame, or in any other way unfit for work they regarded that occasion, even if it fell in August, as a Christmas Day. There was only one thing that those mules could never quite manage to do to escape labor. They couldn't die.

But Peyton looked like Santa Claus. And there is no more need to describe the appearance of that celebrated character than that of the late Queen Victoria. Perhaps Peyton's Santa Claus differed from other Santa Clauses in fatness. He was the apotheosis of a Republican administration. He might have stood for a statue of the ultimate consumer when he has finally succeeded in consuming everything in sight. And he differed from other Santa Clauses in his ability to make four mules trot at the same time. Even the negroes who had helped in the final preparations cheered when they saw him accomplish that feat. And they jingled the money that he had given them, and laughed aloud to hear the answering jingling of the bells. And, with bulging eyes, they regarded the great pack that occupied four-fifths of the Saint's sleigh, and speculated upon its contents.

So Santa Claus was finally started upon his merry-making journey. The first thing that he noticed was that the falling snow had already obliterated the tracks that he had made in the early morning; and that the heavens looked as if they were going to snow till the end of time. The further he went the more he looked like Santa Claus. Real snow now thatched his merry red cap, his shoulders, and his eyebrows. Real snow lay thick upon his pack, so that it looked not unlike an immense charlotte russe. Real snow fell tickling into the reindeer's long ears (which are their pride, their solace, and their despair) and caused them to shake the horns upon their foreheads and the bells.

AFTER a while Santa Claus came in sight of the thicket into which the poacher had disappeared. But if he had not forgotten the incident, it had left him with no aftermath of anxiety. And he might now have passed it, and gone on his way unmolested, if a necessity had not arisen to whip the off leader. As Santa Claus, bearded and enormous, his personality was completely hidden; but as the only man in that region who cast (as a man casts a fly) instead of striking with a whip, his identity was



Taking the tar he wrote, not without toil, upon Peyton's broad white chest

at once revealed to five men who lurked in the thicket.

The muffled exclamation, "It's him," was followed by the darting from the thicket into the direct path of the mules of a dark figure armed with a shotgun. Five others, one of whom tripped upon a snow-hidden root, and fell with a curse, followed him. The mules (as a mother falls upon the neck of her prodigal son) fell upon the excuse to halt dead. Peyton lashed them once, saw that it was a useless thing to do, and, addressing the men in the road in his ordinary brisk, clear, courageous voice, asked them what they wanted with him. Who the men were he could only guess, for they wore black hoods that covered their heads and faces, all but the eyes.

They did not answer. One of them took hold of the reins, and with a sudden vicious energy jerked them out of Peyton's hands. Another swung himself to the back of the off leader, and, goading the mule with his heels, caused him to start forward. The remaining four, two on each side, trudged along by the sleigh.

When the mules were turned from the road into a forest of widespread pines, Peyton once more spoke, clearly and briskly:

"What do you want with me?"

But there was no answer given. It was as if his captors did not yet dare reveal themselves, or run a risk of so doing. Better wait until they had Peyton just where they wanted him before taking any chances. Even if he suspected that they were the five brothers whom he had just sent to jail, he could not swear to it. But he might recognize and swear to a voice. Well, let him—later. Upon that point they would take their chances.

If Peyton had been dressed in an ordinary way he would have jumped from the sleigh and tried to escape by running. (That the men would actually use their guns he did not believe.) But dressed as Santa Claus, with a stomach made of five sofa cushions, the attempt would have been preposterous.

The sleigh moved deeper and deeper into the forest, crossed a clearing that Peyton could not place, a half-frozen swamp, and once more entered among pines.

"Look here, men," said Peyton, "a lot of

people will be disappointed, a lot of children especially, if I don't show up this morning—let me off, and to-morrow I'll come alone, and meet you anywhere you say."

There was no answer.

His voice rang a little.

"I give you my word of honor," he said.

There was no answer.

After that, sullen, angry, and really alarmed, he did not speak for a long time. He tried to keep the points of the compass firmly fixed in his mind, but owing to the thick falling snow, and the fact that the sleigh did not move for long in any given direction, this was out of the question. He realized at last that he had not the slightest idea where he was—except that it was somewhere on his own land. It was when he realized this that he spoke again.

"Is there any amount of money that I can offer?" he began.

And this time he received an answer.

The man who rode upon the off leader laughed—a short, mirthless laugh.

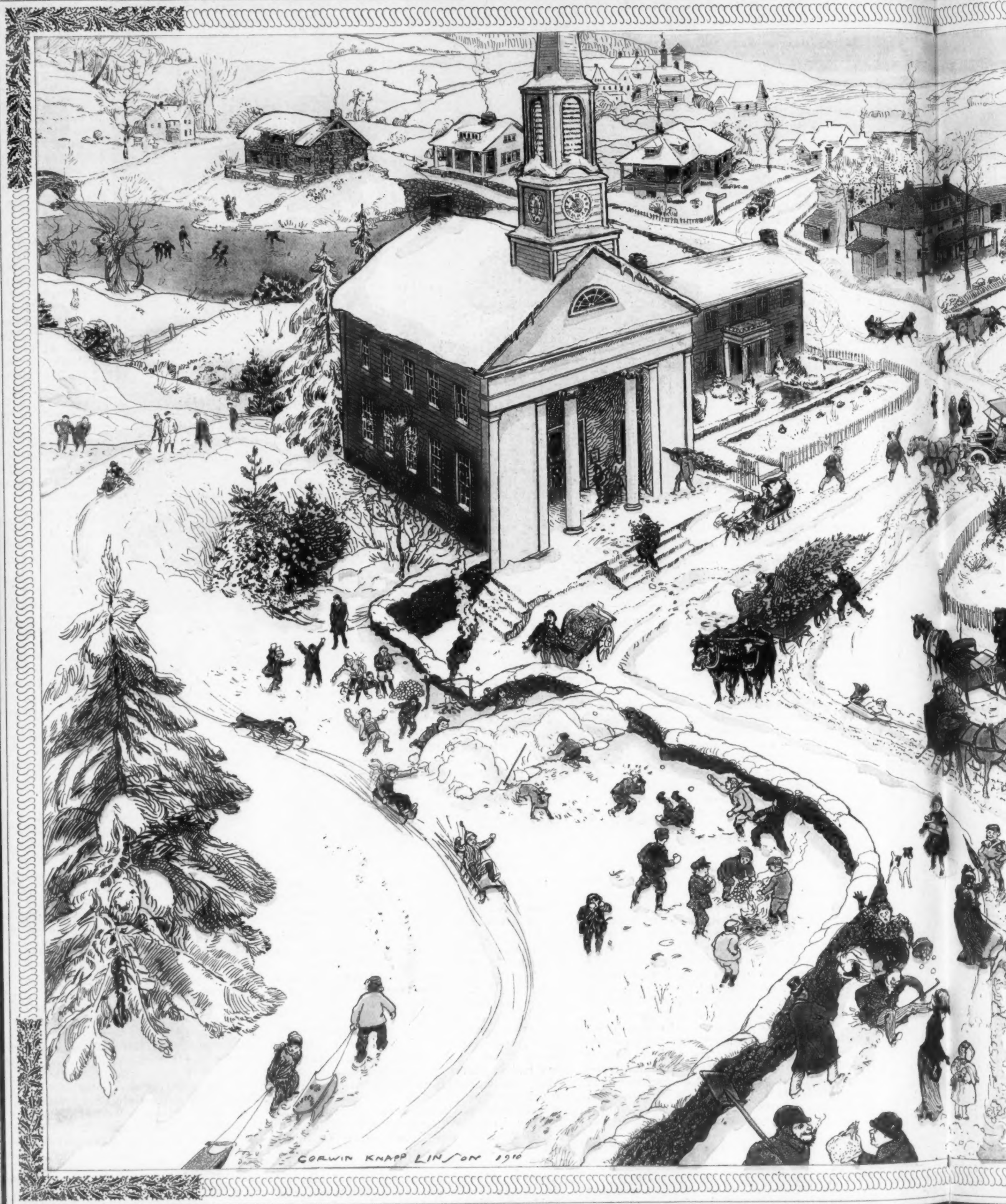
Dr. Peyton tried in vain to disengage the personalities of his captors from their disguises. But this, as if to prove the picayune value of appearances, he found impossible beyond the most primitive differentiation; the riding captor was the slightest and lightest of the five; but only the one walking second on the left of the sleigh could have been called larger than the average man. He, however, for a locality of poor people, underfed mentally and physically, was something of a giant—though very lean.

THE other three might have been interchanged like triplets, without leaving a stranger any the wiser as to individual identity. They were of the same height, the same length of leg; and of a curious similarity in swinging whichever hand was not at the moment engaged in shouldering arms. The four small men seemed in no hurry. The giant, with an occasional grunt as of disdain and impatience, was continually mending his pace to lag with theirs.

Dr. Peyton made no further appeal. He endured the situation with a show of indifference and patience; but all the while his mind worked rapidly upon stratagems of escape. He had been a great reader, but could remember nothing from fiction or history that seemed to offer a solution for his predicament. And as he did not know exactly what was intended against him, he could not decide in just what key of desperation he must pitch the tenor of his plans. But whatever was intended, it did not strike him that he presented an absurd figure, Falstaffian and Zagloban. If he noted his own appearance at all, it was to the effect that he was enduring his mischance with dignity.

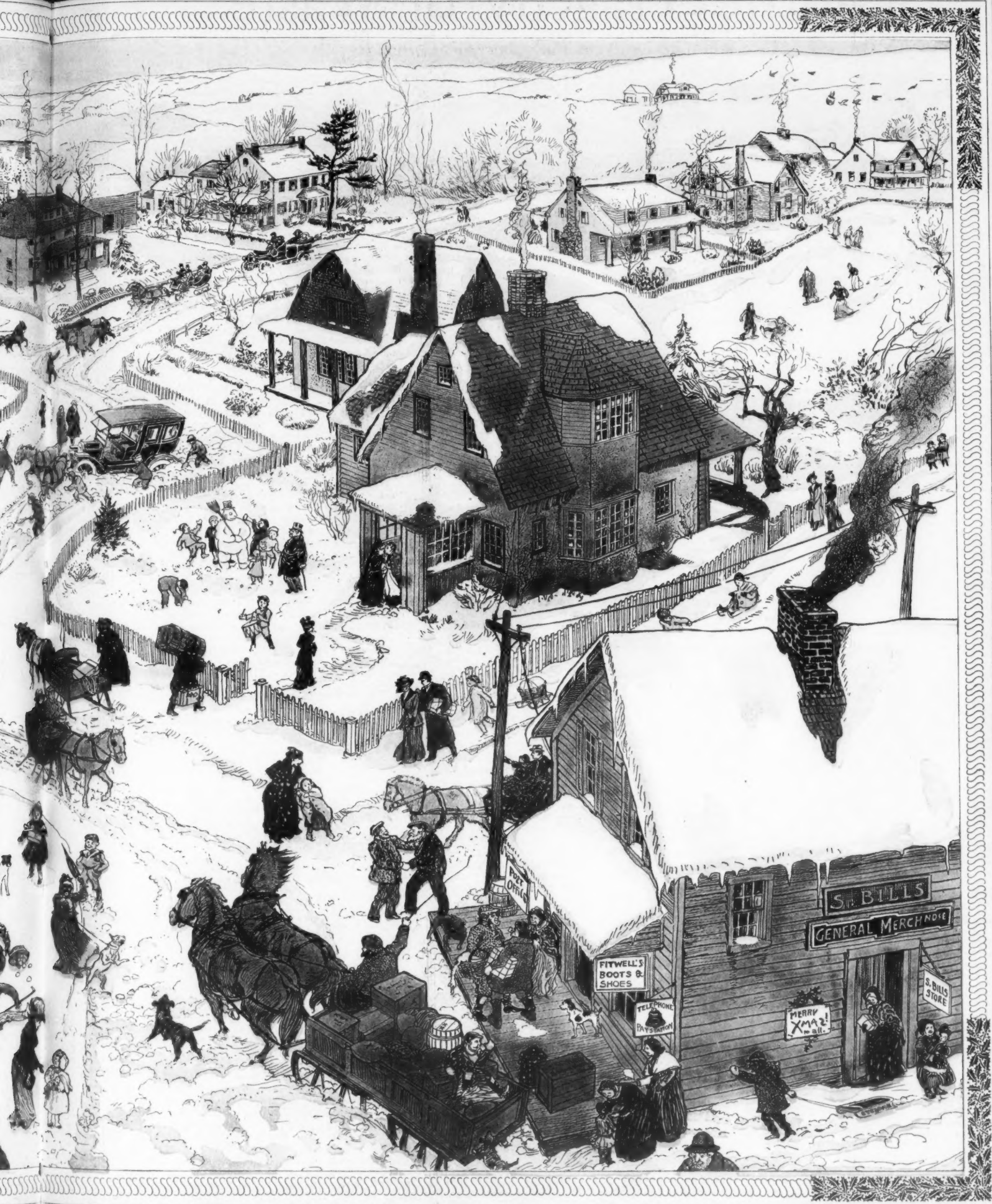
At last the procession came by a tortuous way, half road, half path, to a clearing surrounded by a dense second growth of pine, scrub oak, gum, and hickory. A log house, from whose vast chimney a feeble smoke arose, occupied the center of the clearing. Attached to it, at what was probably the north end, was a barn, as you could see by the door, also built of logs. But that the barn's door ever gave egress or ingress to a vehicle of any kind seemed unlikely, since through the midst of the rotted inclined

(Continued on page 35)



COPYRIGHT 1910 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

Christmas in the
DRAWN BY CORWIN KNAPP



as in the Village

CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

A Little Tragedy of Waste

My Lady Gets a New Fur Coat for Christmas

By S. H. HOWARD



Scene I.—A taxidermist's shop

TAXIDERMIST (sententiously)—This is a specimen of the once well-nigh universal Canadian beaver, from which this great country obtains its national emblem.

CURIOUS VISITOR (innocuously)—Did you stuff it yourself?

TAXIDERMIST—Yes, but some years ago; we don't get them in here very often nowadays. You see, the law is on beaver. A land surveyor left this one here to be mounted, but he never came back for it, and we've kept it ever since as security.

VISITOR (poking fur with forefinger)—What do you mean by the law being on beaver?

TAXIDERMIST—The game law. Beaver got to be so scarce there was a danger of their total extinction. So the Government prohibited the trapping or taking of beaver, to give them a chance. There's a big fine now if you're found with a raw beaver skin in your possession.

VISITOR (inspired)—Say, that gives me an idea! I'd like to get a beaver coat for my wife.



Scene II.—Trading shop, Hudson Bay Post

TRAPPER—I have no-ting—not a damn ting, but only wan leetle beaver and one ermine.

TRADER—What's the matter—is fur gettin' played out in your grounds, too?

TRAPPER—By gosh—I dunno wat's de matter; I put out my traps—I walk very far—I go back and back—I put out fresh bait—I catch noting! I see no tracks, just a white snow—clean—noting at all. By gosh—the bush is empty!

TRADER—Well, I'm sorry, Joe. I can't buy the beaver—you know that. The law's on beaver. And the ermine—it's only worth twenty-seven cents.

TRAPPER—I have no flour and no grease. Wat you do when your little boy is sick and you have no grease—eh?

TRADER—Sorry, Joe.

TRAPPER—Wat you mean—you's sorry—you won't give me no grub?

TRADER—I'd advance you some flour and pork on your next catch, Joe, but you owe me a lot of fur now, and you say yourself your country is played out.

TRAPPER—By the gee cree! Wat you want me do, eh? Wait till fur get plenty again before I eat! Dat's too long. My leetle boy—he's too sick. I'm afraid he'll die pretty soon wit noting to eat.

TRADER—Well, I'll give you a bottle of medicine and pay the company for it myself, but I can't give you any more debt, Joe, I can't do it. I'm sorry, but business is business.

TRAPPER—Well, den, will you buy dis leetle beaver skin?

TRADER—Can't do it, Joe; the company can't afford to break the law, fines are too big.

TRAPPER—I'll give you dis beaver for four dollars.

TRADER (shaking his head)—Sorry.

TRAPPER—Two dollars?

TRADER—Kawin.

TRAPPER—Fifty cents?

(Trader shakes his head. Half-breed throws skin down on the floor in a rage.) By the gee cree, Manitou to Hell—I'll give you dis beaver for noting and you give me a little flour!

TRADER—We can't have beaver in our possession at all, Joe. I'm sorry, but I can't do anything. You take it to the railroad. Fur buyers are thicker'n hair out there. You'll get full price for it out there from one of those contraband fellows—if you go about it right.

TRAPPER (in despair)—De railroad! Gee cree—dat's four days' hard snow-shoe from here.



Scene III.—A metropolitan fur emporium

LADY (in long mink coat)—Mink's going out, you say? I only bought this coat three years ago, and it's perfectly good yet. It seems a pity.

SALESMAN (guardedly sympathetic)—Yes, there must be over fifty skins in that coat. But mink got so high the furriers had to swing the fashion. Everybody is wearing the long-haired furs now.

LADY (in dismay)—Dear me, I suppose, I will have to get a polar bear or something.

(Proprietor appears, well groomed, urbane.)

PROPRIETOR—Good morning, good morning, are you finding vat you vish, lady?

LADY—Yes, thank you; I was just exclaiming about the extravagance of furs. It's shocking!

PROPRIETOR (politically agreeable)—Quvite, quvite. I remember ven ve could buy raw muskrats for nine cents a skin. To-day they can't be bought under a dollar and a half—one tousand per cent advance! (Smiles in delight.)

SALESMAN (insinuatingly)—Shall I show the lady that special rat coat, sir?

PROPRIETOR—Yes, bring it ouat. This is a very special coat, indeed, madam. Very special.

(Clerk returns with coat of unplucked beaver.)

LADY—What fur is that—some kind of seal?

PROPRIETOR—Dis is vat is known as prime Canadian beaver, lady.

LADY—Beaver? So that is what beaver's like. I never saw beaver fur before, to my knowledge.

SALESMAN—Very rare, madam; nearly extinct.

LADY (excitedly)—Is that so? Let me try it on. I suppose you could alter it a little to fit?

SALESMAN AND PROPRIETOR (in unison)—Certainly! Ce-hoit-only!



Scene IV.—A city home. Evening

WIFE—Shall I bring another cushion?

HUSBAND—If you like.

WIFE—Are you sure your feet aren't damp?

HUSBAND—No, not positive.

WIFE—You poor darling. Let me take off your boots here in front of the fire, and then I'll warm your slippers.

HUSBAND—What are you getting at, anyway?

WIFE (gently reproachful)—Getting at, dearest? Such an expression!

HUSBAND—Any bills?

WIFE—Oh, yes!—just one.

HUSBAND—How much?

WIFE—You won't be angry—will you, duckie?

HUSBAND (sternly)—Out with it.

WIFE—Well, my newest and darlingest fur coat came home to-day.

HUSBAND—WHAT!

WIFE—When you see me in it, you'll say—

HUSBAND—Where is it? I'll send it back.

WIFE—Oh, but, darling—they had to alter it—they can't take it back now.

HUSBAND—Well, what in the sacred name of common sense! Here you have a Persian lamb coat, a mink coat, a sable set, a set of gray squirrel, a boa of blue fox, and God only knows how many muffs, and you go and order ANOTHER coat! Do you think money is—

WIFE (bursting into tears)—You might just as well beat me—after all I've done to make a home for you—brought you your slippers—

HUSBAND (fiercely)—Yes, make a continued fool of yourself—go on.

WIFE (hysterical)—A fool! That's right. Curse me next. Beat me. This is the return I get for the love I squandered on you. Fool—fool—fool that I was. You told me you loved me, and I believed you. Oh, why, WHY! did I ever? (Screams.)

HUSBAND—Oh, for heaven's sake shut up—you'll scare the whole block.

WIFE (shrieking)—Do you hear him? He thinks more of the neighbors than he does of the poor deluded fool he calls his wife.

HUSBAND (uneasy)—Come, come, I don't see what all this infernal fuss is about.

WIFE—Infernal! Did you hear him? Oh—!

HUSBAND (alarmed)—Dearie—don't cry like that. It breaks my heart to hear you. Please, please, for my sake (takes her up in his arms). You'll do yourself harm. I didn't mean to be rough with you—tell me all about your new fur coat, and don't think your husband such a brute.

WIFE (brightening)—It's beaver—such a thick, lustrous beauty (smiles ecstatically).

HUSBAND—Beaver! That's contraband.

WIFE—Yes, but isn't it lovely?

HUSBAND—Why, you little goose, for six months I've had a furrier saving up smuggled beaver skins to make you a new coat for Christmas. I didn't want to tell you.

WIFE (clapping her hands)—You perfect old darling! (Kisses him.) Now I'll have two!



Scene V.—One year later. An afternoon tea

HOSTESS (with engaging charm)—Cream and sugar?—Yes, furs are getting positively outrageous. Everybody's cook and even the shop girls—you'd wonder where all the fur comes from. I declare it's a problem to know what to get to be ah—distinctive—(pleadingly) don't you know? Last year I tried to wear beaver. I bought one coat myself—unplucked beaver—and Dick, dear boy, gave me a plucked beaver for Christmas. But, do you know, by New Year's I found I positively couldn't wear them—I realized they made me look a perfect FRIGHT—My complexion was too muddy, I guess—or my hair. So this spring I didn't bother sending them to cold storage, and (whispering intensely)—the moths got into them! Ruined—ab-sol-ute-ly RUINED! (Throws up both hands in pretty affectation of horror.) Oh, well (sighing resignedly), I'll make Dick buy me a seal coat this winter.

CHORUS—Isn't she just perfectly awful?

LADY IN BLACK—They say there is very little seal left—they have been almost exterminated.

HOSTESS—That makes seal all the more desirable, doesn't it? Have another cup of tea, Clara, dear—just to please me.

A TALE OF WICKEDNESS ON WINGS

SKETCHES
and VERSES by JOHN SLOAN

Said Bloodyclutch to Gloomysglare
(Two Pirates in their secret lair):
"Why shouldn't naughty navigators
Be aeronautic aviators?"

Straightway with hand more used to pistol
He scrawled the following epistle:
"Dear Sirs:— Please send one aeroplane
To Bloodyclutches—Spanish Main."



Ere long it came,—Clutch howled, "Hooryay!
Hereafter I'm a bird of prey
A ship is but a water wagon,
While this machine's a flying dragon!"



Old Gloomysglare, a bit dyspeptic,
Responded in a manner skeptical:
"You, if you wish, may ride the breeze,
But I'm content to scour the seas."

Bold Bloodyclutch now heavenward flew
(A thing he'd never thought to do),
And chased and caught with javier
The schooner "Captain Harriot."



Then off he dragged his prize with pride,
And lest they cut her loose he cried:
"That seaman's moment is his last—
Wherein he tries to climb the mast!"

A jolly lark it seemed but — Hark!
The carburetor's missing spark!
And certain sounds are heard that mean
He's running out of gasoline!



The motor stopped! He fell like Phaeton
(The word he used was more like Satan);
The famous fearless buccaneer
Dropped headlong through the atmosphere.

The schooner scooted off of course
(She'd never left it save by force),
The fallen Terror of the air
Was rescued by old Gloomysglare.

On shore again, and in dry things,
Quoth Bloodyclutch: "I'm through with wings,
And by this ebony flag I swear
I'm Pirate! never more Corsair!"

John Sloan

In the Winter of '77

Sketches by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS
Verses by ARTHUR GUITERMAN



'Twas Squire Byrd of Stony Glen
That vowed to hurry down
A Christmas box to Brother Ben,
Who dwelt in Germantown.
But ere the chaise had gone a mile,
With flocking oaths and jeers
Upon it swooped a scouting file
Of British Grenadiers.

"A ha!" the redcoat sergeant roared, "I'll swear, by good King George,
Here's powder for the rebel horde which camps at Valley Forge!"

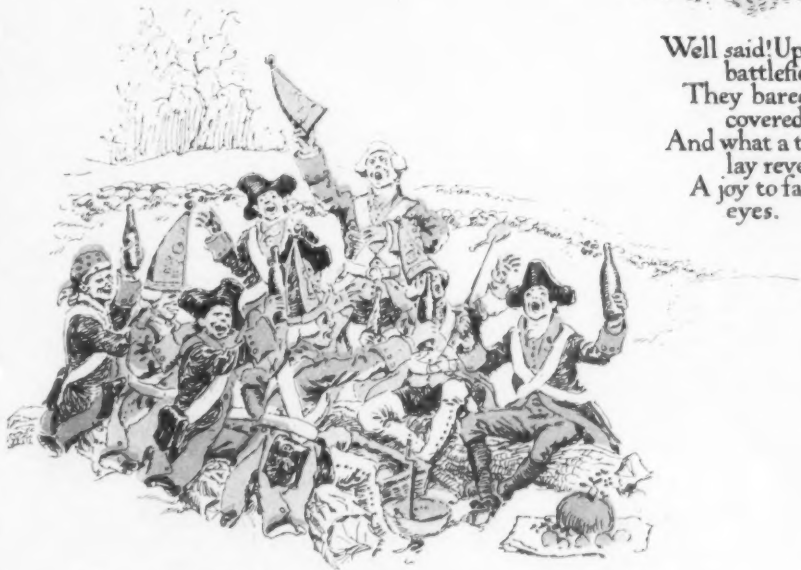


But now above a snowy crest appeared a hardy crew
Of hungry Continentals dressed in tattered
buff-and-blue.

And guns were primed on either side
To shed the others' gore,
When up a Yankee private cried:
"What be we fightin' for?"



Well said! Upon the
battlefield
They bared the
covered prize.
And what a treasure
lay revealed,
A joy to famished
eyes.



Forgot was strife! The fires were lit
In kindly brotherhood,
And while the Briton turned the spit
The Yankee piled the wood.

Their lucky Christmas feast they ate in merriment and peace.
Oh, ever thus may foul debate twixt gallant foemen cease!



"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"

Some Facts Concerning a Famous Poem and Its Author, by Guy Emery Shipler



VERYBODY, so to speak, knows "'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse." Indeed, "The Night Before Christmas"—or "A Visit from St. Nicholas," as it was originally known—has become such a part of our literature and tradition that it seldom occurs to people that it ever had an author at all. It is a classic which simply began, so to speak, like Mother Goose.

It was written, as a matter of fact, by an American gentleman, seventy-eight years ago, in a fine old New York house long since destroyed—a spacious mansion, with just the sort of wide fireplaces which the St. Nicholas of the poem might like to visit. It was written by this gentleman for his own children, and might never have reached the millions of other children who have since enjoyed it had it not been for the habit young ladies had in those days of keeping albums in which they wrote down sentiments which pleased them.

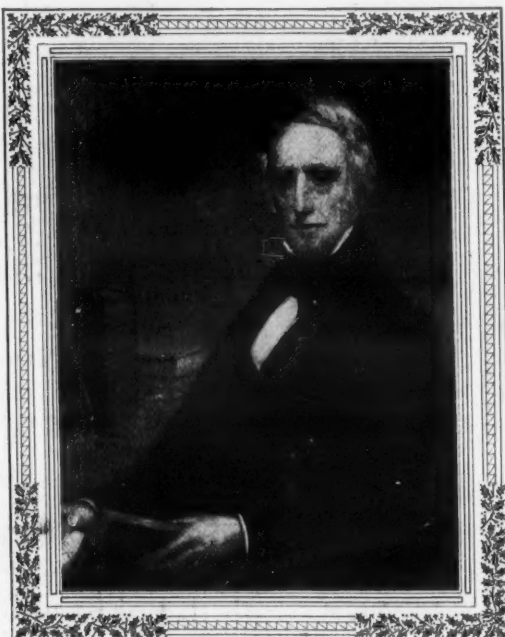
In the first quarter of the last century that part of New York City lying north of Canal Street was covered with farms, interspersed with magnificent country-seats owned by wealthy proprietors whose business was in the city. Among these places was one known as Chelsea, owned and occupied by Major Thomas Clarke, a retired officer of the British army. Clement Clarke Moore, the author of our poem, was the grandson of Major Clarke, his father being the Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, second Bishop of New York. Clement was born at Chelsea, July 15, 1781. The house in which he was later to write his poem stood on the summit of a high hill, since leveled, south of the present Twenty-third Street and just west of Ninth Avenue.

Moore held the chair in Hebrew and Greek at the General Theological Seminary, New York, from 1821 until 1850, was professor emeritus until his death in 1863, and wrote the first Hebrew lexicon published in America. Moreover, in 1818, Dr. Moore presented to the seminary the entire block, now known as Chelsea Square, the present site of the largest training-school for the ministry possessed by the American Episcopal Church.

When his lectures were over, Moore found his chief delight in composing verses for his children. He had instilled in them an unusual fondness for poetry, and they found in their father's poems, written with a keen understanding of their childish likes and dislikes, their greatest happiness. Sometimes the longer poems had a hidden little moral lesson, but principally they were verses rollicking with fun.

As a Christmas present for his children, in the winter of 1822, Moore wrote the poem which was to become one of the happiest possessions of the children of all the world, never dreaming that any children but his own would ever see the lines. In the big house standing on the hill that sloped to the Hudson there were great fireplaces, where stockings were hung on Christmas Eve, and the immense lawn, a waste of white snow, was an appropriate setting for the poem.

In a letter written some years later, Moore said that he first heard the story of St. Nicholas from a rubicund Dutchman who lived near



CLEMENT C. MOORE

Author of

A Visit from St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; [house
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mama in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

his father's residence, and who had, of course, believed the story as a boy in Holland.

Among the friends of the Moores was the family of the Rev. Dr. David Butler, at that time rector of St. Paul's Church in the city of Troy. Shortly after Christmas, while the eldest daughter of Dr. Butler was visiting at Chelsea, one of Clement Moore's little daughters read her the poem. Miss Butler at once copied the verses in her album. She was so much impressed with them, however, that just before Christmas of the next year, 1823, she sent a copy to the editor of the Troy "Sentinel," who published them on December 23 with an editorial note and a quaint woodcut of St. Nick. Other newspapers copied the poem. It spread from paper to paper, from city to city. It was reprinted in the magazines, then in school readers. Special editions of the poem were published, illustrated by famous children's artists. It was translated into many languages. One may hear it recited by German school-children in their native tongue, and by other children in other languages.

Dr. Moore, although his name did not appear, was somewhat displeased at the publication of the poem. He was extremely modest, and he felt that the verses had little merit save as verses for children. It was a long time before he saw that just in that fact lay its claim to immortality. His Hebrew lexicon and other scholarly writings are known to very few. The little poem written for his children is possessed by all the world where Christmas is celebrated. The following excerpt from the preface to the poems published in 1844 gives an idea of the man:

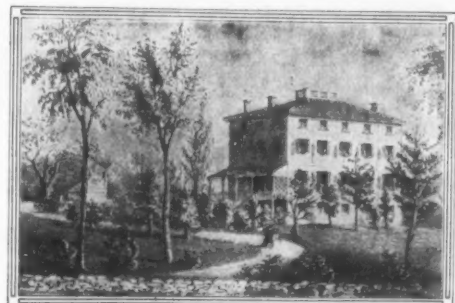
"MY DEAR CHILDREN—I have not made a selection from among my verses of such as are of any peculiar caste, but have given you the melancholy and the lively, the serious, the sportive, and even the trifling . . . for as you once persuaded me to sit for my portrait, which was the occasion of one of the pieces in this collection, so I flatter myself that you will be pleased to have as true a picture as possible of your father's mind, upon which you and your children may look when I am removed from this world. Were I to offer you nothing but what is gay and lively, you well know that the deepest and keenest feelings of your father's heart would not be portrayed. If, on the other hand, nothing but what is serious or sad had been presented to your view, an equally imperfect character of his mind would have been exhibited. For you are well aware that he is far from following the school of Chesterfield with regard to harmless mirth and merriment, and that in spite of all the cares and sorrows of this life, he thinks that we are so constituted that a good, honest, hearty laugh, which conceals no malice and is excited by nothing corrupt, however ungenteel it may be, is healthful both to body and mind. . . . Another reason why the mere trifles in this volume have not been withheld is that such things have been often found by me to afford greater pleasure than what was by myself esteemed of more worth. . . . But whatever be the merit of the offering which I here make to you, receive and look upon it as a token of appreciation from your father."

"CLEMENT C. MOORE."

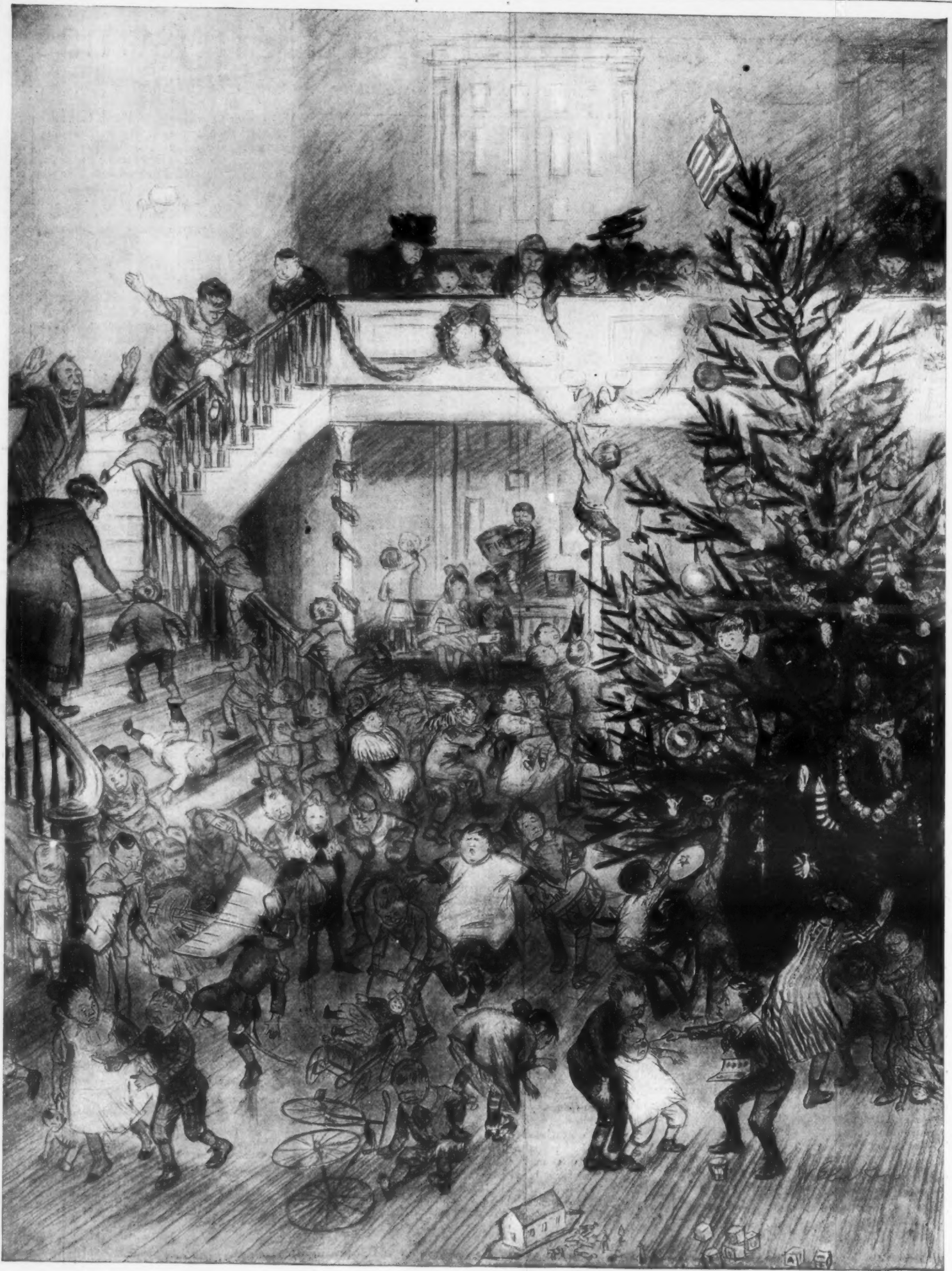
Dr. Moore died at his summer home in Newport, July 10, 1863. His remains rest in a vault in St. Luke's Church, in Hudson Street, New York. Every Christmas Eve the students at the General Theological Seminary, for which he did so much, remember the children for whom he did more, and twine about his portrait in their dining-hall a rope of holly.



The General Theological Seminary



The house in which the poem was written



Merry Christmas

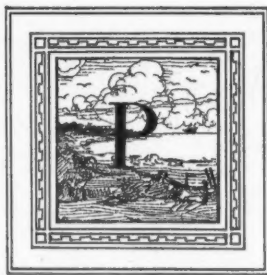
DRAWN BY W. L. GLACKENS



Waiting for daddy, year by year, even though the flesh sometimes fainted with unfaith and the tears fell from pretty young eyes

DOLLY-JACK

The Long, Long Wait for Daddy, Who Was Carried Away by the Sea



PRELL and his wife, swimming in the sea, were suddenly carried out by one of its mighty currents.

"Well, what do you think of that?" laughed Prell.

"Impolite, to say the least," gasped his wife, laughing too.

"And, by Jove, it is not done with us yet!" cried Prell, as he tried to stem the "pussy."

"Swim—with the tide!" admonished his wife, a little more breathless.

"But, girl, to do that I must cross the pussy."

He still laughed and tried. She said nothing that she might save her breath. But they were slowly beaten by the sea.

"Jack!" shrieked Mrs. Prell, in panic. The pussy had flung her fifty yards further to sea—parting them. "Don't go away! Save me!"

"Of course, dearie," said Prell, comfortingly. "Don't do a thing. Lie on your back. I can handle you better that way."

"Yes!" gasped his wife, obediently. "You are so strong! You will save me!"

Prell struggled on.

"We're getting there—now—" he lied.

"Shall I call for help?"

"No. On your back. Still! Brave!"

He crossed the pussy then, but the effort was superhuman. Nevertheless, he got her within twenty yards of the shore. What he had, madly, in mind, was to fling her safely upon the land—and rest.

Rescuers came with a line and shouts—which Prell was too far gone to heed or hear. He beat them savagely out of his way and sank. But his feet touched the bottom and he was strong again. With a mighty effort he drove upon the sand of the beach, bloody, blind, knowing nothing save with his feet, and did as he had madly planned. Then every nerve and muscle went out of commission, and the sea-pussy angrily made sure of one victim. The rescuers could see a hand whipped up now and then by the waves, and argued that Prell was on his back—possibly unconscious. A ship, gray as the sea

By JOHN LUTHER LONG

and the air, which had come in on the west wind like a shadow, lowered a boat, and the rescuers thought they saw a limp thing dragged over its side. At all events, the shadow boat pulled back to the shadow ship and that put about and faded into the horizon.

Mrs. Prell woke with the Job's comforters of the sanitarium for people with "head trouble," called "The Crazy Quilt House," about her.

"I don't think they got him," said Miss Fram, who was near-sighted. "I saw nobody dragged into no boat—as some of the others think."

"No," added Miss Carat, "that is why they rowed back without noticing our signals."

"Certainly they would not have been so impolite to a bevy of ladies as to turn their backs upon them and sail away without a word," breathed Mrs. Mouthon, unbelievably.

"They might have guessed that he belonged to one of us," said Miss Mergenthaler, severely.

"The only reasonable solution is that they didn't have him. He's at the bottom!" finished Miss Fram.

"He'll be ashore some of these days," put in Miss Mergenthaler. "They always come ashore."

The little wife, not yet able to think with the life left her, only looked agonizedly from one to the other. What did it mean? What were they talking about? Who?

And so she lay for six days. Then life came back, and her agony. She knew, now.

"I'm sorry," apologized Miss Mergenthaler, as if it were her personal delinquency, "but he hasn't come ashore."

"And it's past the time," said Miss Fram.

"I must have been mistaken," said Mrs. Mouthon, also in a vein of apology. "Maybe they did get him."

"We have watched on the beach ever since. He hasn't come," added Miss Carat.

"He must have been dead, dear," comforted Mrs. Mouthon, "anyhow."

"And they have given him heathen burial at sea!" sighed Miss Carat.

"Beautiful!" added Miss Mergenthaler.

"Beautiful!" gibed Miss Fram. "To be e't up by the sharks!"

Mrs. Prell put her hands over her sick ears and shuddered.

"What does that matter to him—now?" said Mrs. Mouthon. "He'll never know it!"

"Sh!" chided Miss Carat, with a motion toward the young wife, "but she does. And there's the digestion of him to think of!"

"She must pray," said Miss Fram, devoutly.

And with a motion she brought them all to the floor about the sick girl's bed and began loudly to recite the Scriptures for them that go down to the sea in ships.

"Stop!" cried the tortured wife.

When they had again sat, offended, silently up, Mrs. Prell said:

"Please, some one, put a pillow under my head."

Each insulted sanitarian looked at the other—until Mrs. Mouthon did it—with superb silence.

"I think we had better go now," she said then, looking round upon the galaxy who had been hurt.

"Wait!" commanded Mrs. Prell. "What was the name of the ship?" No one knew.

"Of what nationality was she?" They only stared.

"What kind of a flag did she carry?"

"I did not notice," said Mrs. Mouthon.

"No one did," added Miss Carat.

"Then—what kind of a ship was she? Schooner—square-rigger—barkentine—bark—

what—what—what? I'd rather hear that than prayer."

"You should have noticed those things yourself—"

Miss Fram alone had any recollection concerning the appearance of the ship.

"It was faded and disreputable-looking," she said.

"Never mind, dear," ended Mrs. Mouthon. "If he's to come ashore he'll come. They all do."

"And the sailors say," added Miss Mergenthaler, "that they can't help coming ashore at the spot where they went out to sea—they just can't help it. So you wait here."

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Prell. "How can I?"

"Why not?" guessed Mrs. Mouthon.

"What's your business—and that of your late husband?" demanded Miss Carat.

"Actors," said Mrs. Prell.

"Actors!" shrieked the lot together.

And they left her with an air which said plainly that they deserved what they were getting—if they were actors.



A man whose feet the surf still washed—his eyes were closed, his arm was under his head, and about his face were tangled ropes of hair

But there was another reason for Mrs. Prell's sigh—a reason which women tell only to women—but never to such women as these! As for Mrs. Prell, she had never told it to her husband.

After that little Mrs. Prell spent her life on the beach—a weird and solitary figure—watching for things which come ashore. Sometimes she would see, far out, Something which seemed to have floating garments—or hair—tossed up fitfully by the waves and wind—and she would follow for miles—until it came in. For, yes, things had a habit of coming ashore. And once, true, it *was* a body! She fell madly upon the poor thing and lay there breathless until the soaked bones hurt her. Then she parted the luxuriant hair and looked. It was a woman. And always after she was sorry for that look. It told her what *she* might have been on that day he had saved her.

She played no more, but lived in a small, low-browed house near the beach. And in less than a year came the baby Dorothy to help—both in the waiting and the living. Often there was little enough to eat in the small house, and never enough to wear when the weather was bad. But, it was waiting. And, the waiting was no longer weary, but, indeed and in truth, happy. For somehow, in the nearly four years which passed, the certainty of Prell's coming grew rather than diminished. So that the sanitarians at The Crazy Quilt House now passed them by as gone quite mad. And yet it was to that saying of Mrs. Mouthon, that things which were lost at sea had a habit of returning at the same spot, that all this was due—and to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.

Dorothy knew all about it except the horrors. So that many a strange man on the beach had been stopped by the pretty blond child with the question: "You my daddy?"

And it is good to relate that nearly all so stopped wished that they were.

In the days before Prell went away they had found the remains of a great tree on the beach which some tide had brought in, and they had dragged it to the top of the tallest of the hills and there had dug a hole and set it up. There were two bare limbs and a bare trunk, and, when

it was put upright, they had a great cross on the highest point on the island.

In the pleasant and certain waiting, Dorothy had conceived the idea that her daddy would be very wet and hungry when he came in from the sea. And so she kept, cached in the cool, damp sand of the hill, certain foods, renewed when they grew stale, and a torn blanket lashed to the cross and standing out like a signal in the wind—both of which things they needed desperately in the little low-browed house.

But it was pleasant waiting for daddy—and making these small sacrifices—even though the flesh sometimes fainted with unfaith and the tears fell from Mrs. Prell's pretty young eyes. Yet, is it not better to wait happily than to wait in woe?

Dorothy had never a doubt about the coming. So that she, one day, when the sun was hot, took off the little red dress she wore and sewed it, with great, irregular, child-stitches to the ragged blanket as her personal demand upon the sea. And at night they would light a beacon on the hill, in the light of which the cross might be seen. Not every night now. At first this was so, but sometimes there was no driftwood—and sometimes unfaith was so strong that it whispered in the heart of Mrs. Prell that phrase of despair: "What's the use!"



SO THAT it was with no surprise at all that Dorothy found upon the beach, one morning, a man whose feet the surf still washed. His eyes were closed, his arm was under his head, and about his face were tangled long ropes of hair and beard. He was still very wet. Dorothy stooped and touched the cold face. Then she parted the tangled hair and pressed open the eyes. She had been told that daddy's eyes were blue. These eyes were. She nodded her pretty blond head and said: "Daddy!"

Then she put an arm about the man's neck and laid her cheek contentedly to his. The cool salt water was very good. So the man woke—with such amazement in his eyes as might visit one fresh risen from the dead.

"Is it—heaven, you—angel?" he smiled.

"Daddy," nodded Dorothy again.

The man held her far off and looked at her.

"Wish—I was," said the man, exhaustedly.

"B'ue eye," insisted the child, bending down to peer into them. "Daddy!"

"I—had—no—little girl—when I went away," shook the man.

"Daddy. Come!" She tried to draw him up out of the water, which still washed over his bare feet. Then she tugged until she got him waveringly upon his legs. There was no talk. It was too difficult—especially the progress up the hill to the foot of the cross. And, when they arrived, Dorothy was almost as wet as he—with the fragrant perspiration of a child. The big man was glad to curl up and rest in the small bed which Dorothy and her mother had scooped out of the sand. Hot it was with the sun, and soft was the sand. Then the child took down her signal from the cross and covered him with it.

"No use no more," she cooed, singing. "Daddy's here!"

The man maundered, in a fit of delirium the exertion had brought on, his history of four long years.

"Saw the signal—knew—out there!"

He pointed, and the child then saw, for the first time, a strange, weather-beaten ship. A boat which had come near to the shore was returning to her.

"Knocked—plug out of boat. They couldn't follow. Awful swim—worse than the other. But I made it—beat 'em. Four years on a tramp! Irons! Whips! Round the Horn and back!"

The food Dorothy had cached proved its own excuse for being. For presently, still hurrying and perspiring, with no implement but her baby hands, she dug it up and was putting it between the ravenous lips of the man.

At last he slept there—with the sun in his face—and the child's small fingers, filled with food, still between his lips. And she, too, very tired with a great day's work, slept, presently, with her cheek against his.

And there the mother, seeking the child a little later, found them.

"Daddy," explained Dorothy sleepily, and the other two had but a word each:

"Dolly!"

"Jack!"

Your Most Delightful Discovery



Of course you remember when you grasped the steering wheel of *your own* automobile, for the *first* time.

And recall the thrills of that moment—your pride of possession and your consciousness of mastery.

You remember feeling that you had opened the door of a new world, as if by miracle, and that henceforth you were to discover and enjoy experiences and sensations that had never been yours before.

That was a priceless moment, rich in promises—a moment never to be duplicated and never to be forgotten.

No More Miracles

But the thrills of *novelty* wear off soon enough. Always.

And the most delightful promises are realized, one after another, in a perfunctory and matter of fact way.

Today your car is a convenience and a necessity. You are no longer looking for miracles.

An Enduring Delight

And yet—

A greater and more delightful discovery than that of your first car is *still in store for you*.

And this discovery differs from the first, because its joy is *enduring*.

Novelty ceases to be novelty, and becomes part of the day's grind.

But excellence, superiority, supremacy *endure*, and their joy is fresh every hour.

Never Loses Its Zest

If you would make this delightful discovery,—

If you would welcome the best experience that motoring affords,—

If you love excellence, supremacy and beauty,—

And are keen to enjoy an elation that never loses its zest,—

Seat yourself at the steering wheel of a splendid Six,—

Press the air button and let the motor *crank itself*,—

Shift the gears, let in the clutch, and move away to the happyland of Real Motordom.

You Learn What Flexibility Is

The car runs magnificently and you almost

doubt the presence of a gasoline motor, so unobtrusive is it.

Noise is absent.

Vibration is absent.

And you thread your way through traffic with the stillness of a drifting canoe, and are not compelled to shift gears, for this unobtrusive Six motor takes you fast or slow, as fancy may desire or conditions necessitate, in response to throttle and all on *direct* drive.

And she "picks up" as though her fuel were ginger.

That's flexibility that *is* flexibility.

The Meaning of Real Power

Did ever a motor run so quietly? Is it running at all?

Well, here's a hill—a big one; now we'll find out.

And *up* you go.

No laboring engine, no pounding pistons, no grunting or grinding machinery to mar the excellence of a masterful climb.

And now you *know* you've got a motor—because that hill required *power*, and you had all the power you needed, and more!

And Speed

Now comes a long level stretch, straightaway. It invites speed.

Just let 'er out. There's an extreme top gear—the fourth. Throw it in and push the button, and—

Whiz!

Ah, that's living!

Those Owners of Sixes

And *now* you realize why it is that those fellows who own splendid Sixes look at you with a sort of sympathy when they see you still plugging along in that car of yours which (no matter how much you paid for it, or the name plate on the radiator) *doesn't quite reach*, because it has *less than six cylinders*.

The Secret of It All

"And so, the secret of this thing is *continuous power*? I had no idea there could be such a difference. Thought more cylinders meant more trouble.

"Yet that can hardly be so, for this car holds the world's lowest upkeep record—77 cents per 1000 miles.

"Records made by individual owners themselves.

"In tests begun as far back as 1907.

"That certainly bespeaks absence of trouble, and *stability*.

"Also means that this car isn't a *new* thing, nor an *experiment*."

More Discovery

"Well, well, think of that. Here the Winton Company has been making *sixes exclusively* for four years, and I have just begun to know what *six cylinders* mean.

"Four years of one single model *must* mean a successful car.

"And 77 cents per 1000 miles helps to prove it.

"How Can You Do It?"

"Let's stop the car and look her over.

"Isn't she a beauty?

"Don't believe I ever saw a car of greater splendor.

"Her looks are as good as her performance.

"And she costs *only* \$3000. How can you do it?"

The Joy That Endures

And that's the way it goes.

A new discovery awaits every man who has never driven a splendid Winton Six.

And for him awaits a *joy that endures*, for it is the joy of excellence, of superiority, of supremacy.

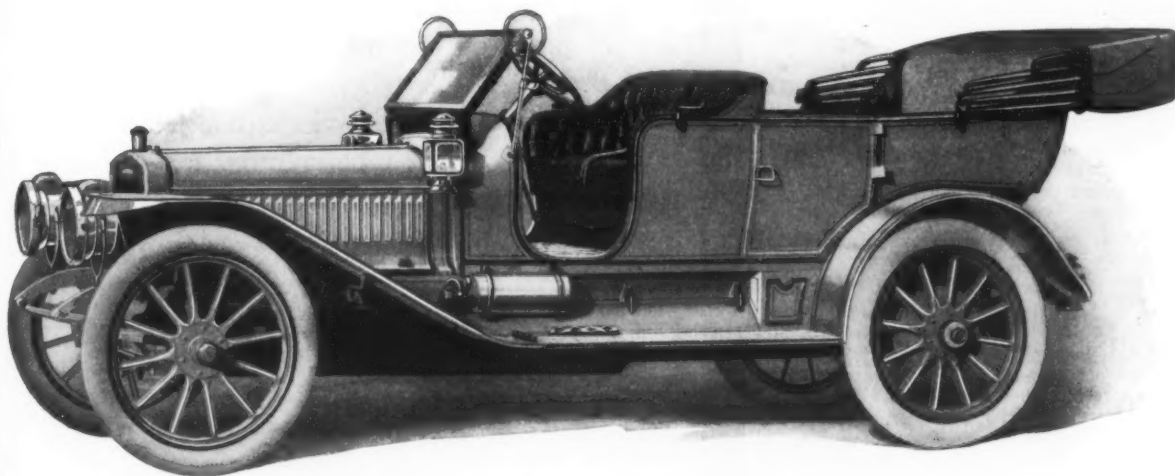
These Books Will Help

Yes, and *only* \$3000.

We tell you about that in "The Difference Between Price and Value," a booklet filled with sturdy facts. We'll send it to you, together with our 64 page catalog, and all we ask is that you send the coupon.

You'll not regret reading these books. They point the way to your most delightful discovery—the discovery of a pleasure, a satisfaction that *doesn't wear off*.

Send the coupon now.



THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

Licensed under Selden Patent

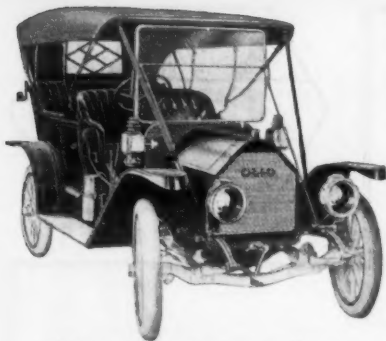
101 Berea Road

Cleveland, U. S. A.

Our Own Branch Houses
 NEW YORK Broadway at 70th St.
 CHICAGO Michigan Avenue at 13th St.
 BOSTON Berkeley at Stanhope St.
 PHILADELPHIA 246-248 No. Broad St.
 BALTIMORE 209 North Liberty St.
 PITTSBURG Baum at Beatty St.

CLEVELAND Huron Road at Euclid Ave.
 DETROIT 996 Woodward Ave.
 MINNEAPOLIS 16-22 Eighth St. N.
 SAN FRANCISCO 300 Van Ness Ave.
 SEATTLE 1000-1006 Pike St.

Send this Coupon for the TWO BOOKS
 THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.
 101 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio
 Please send the two books mentioned in Collier's to



Ohio 40-A—Five-Passenger Touring Car
\$2150, Fully Equipped

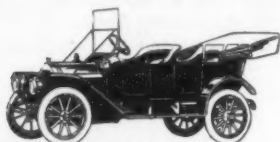
Output Limited Without High Price

THE output of Ohio cars is limited as to numbers, but not as to quality—for every Ohio is a thoroughly tested high-grade car at a moderate price.

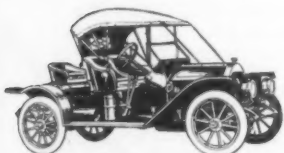
To insure accuracy, interchangeability and low cost with limited production, the Ohio factory is equipped with high-priced machinery, jigs and tools, and manned by high-grade, experienced men; and our limited production permits a series of tests such as we couldn't give if we were turning out thousands of cars a year.

Before it leaves the factory every Ohio car must successfully withstand the strain of at least 200 miles of road-testing over rough, rocky roads, up-hill, down-hill and straightaway—first the engine and chassis, and then the car completely equipped, even to the wind-shield and speedometer. No Ohio car is shipped until we know it is ready to run and to keep on running.

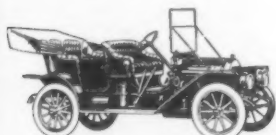
If you believe that integrity in little details is essential to good construction, you should investigate the Ohio. Write today for Catalog 43, giving complete specifications, and telling how every little detail measures up to a high standard.



Ohio 40-L—Torpedo
\$2450, Fully Equipped



Ohio 40-K—Roadster
\$2150, Fully Equipped



Ohio 40-B—Close-Coupled
\$2150, Fully Equipped

The Ohio Motor Car Company
Licensed under Selden Patent
Elmwood Station, Cincinnati, Ohio

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The Nature Faker

(Continued from page 19)

great success. He told how, unheeded by the bears, he had, without difficulty, followed in their tracks. For an hour he had watched them. No happy school-children, let loose at recess, could have embraced their freedom with more obvious delight. They drank from the running streams, for honey they explored the hollow tree trunks, they sharpened their claws on moss-grown rocks, and among the fallen oak leaves scratched violently for acorns.

SO SATISFIED was Herriek with what he had seen, with the success of his experiment, and so genuine and unselfish was he in the thought of the happiness he had brought to the beasts of the forests, that for him no dinner ever passed more pleasantly. Miss Waring, who sat next to her host, thought she had seldom met a man with so kind and simple a nature. She rather resented the fact, and she was inwardly indignant that so much right feeling and affection should be wasted on farm-yard fowls and four-footed animals. She felt sure that some nice girl, seated at the other end of the table, smiling through the light of the wax candles upon Herriek, would soon make him forget his love of "Nature and Nature's children." She even saw herself there, and this may have made her exhibit more interest in Herriek's experiment than she really felt. In any event, Herriek found her most sympathetic, and when dinner was over carried her off to a corner of the terrace. It was a warm night in early October, and the great woods of the game preserve that stretched below them were lit with a full moon. On his way to the lake for a moonlight row with one of the house party who belonged to that sex that does not row, but looks well in the moonlight, Kelly halted, and jeered mockingly.

"How can you sit there," he demanded, "while those poor beasts are freezing in a cave, with not even a silk coverlet or a pillow-sham. You and your valet ought to be down there now carrying them pajamas."

"Kelly," declared Herriek, unruffled in his moment of triumph, "I hate to say 'I told you so,' but you force me. Go away!" he commanded. "You have neither imagination or soul."

"And that's true," he assured Miss Waring, as Kelly and his companion left them. "Now, I see nothing in what I accomplished that is ridiculous. Had you watched those bears as I did, you would have felt that sympathy that exists between all who love the out-of-door life. A dog loves to see his master pick up his stick and his hat to take him for a walk, and the man enjoys seeing the dog leaping and quartering the fields before him. They are both the happier. At least I am happier to-night, knowing those bears are at peace and at home, than I would be if I thought of them being whipped through their tricks in a dirty theater." Herriek pointed to the great forest trees of the preserve, their tops showing dimly in the mist of moonlight. "Somewhere, down in that valley," he murmured, "are three happy animals. They are no longer slaves and puppets—they are their own masters. For the rest of their lives they can sleep on pine needles and dine on nuts and honey. No one shall molest them, no one shall force them through degrading tricks. Hereafter they can choose their life, and their own home among the rocks, and the—"

HERRICK'S words were frozen on his tongue.

From the other end of the terrace came a scream so fierce, so long, so full of human suffering, that at the sound the blood of all that heard it turned to water. It was so appalling that for an instant no one moved, and then from every part of the house, along the garden walks, from the servants' quarters, came the sound of pounding feet. Herriek, with Miss Waring clutching at his sleeve, raced toward the other end of the terrace. They had not far to go. Directly in front of them they saw what had dragged from the very soul of the woman the scream of terror.

The drawing-room opened upon the terrace, and, seated at the piano, Jackson had been playing for those in the room to dance. The windows to the terrace were open. The terrace itself was flooded with



His One Best Gift for Xmas

The perplexing difficulty each year of selecting a befitting gift for a man is easily and acceptably solved by the **WIZARD STROPPER**.

No gift can prove more gratifying than one whose usefulness, after many years, is still a pleasure. To the man who shaves with a safety razor, no gift could be more appreciated, or of more lasting satisfaction than

The Wizard Strop

Here's what it does. In ten seconds with twenty or twenty-five turns of the handle it sharpens *any make* of safety razor blade to a keen, *concave* cutting edge that will easily glide through the toughest beard and not "pull." Every revolution of the handle brings the blade **SLAP** up against the strop with perfect precision, first one side of the blade and then the other—as an experienced barber strops an old-fashioned razor. The *entire* width of the blade always comes in absolute contact with the strop. You can also **HONE** your blades with the **WIZARD** when necessary, by merely reversing the strop. This indispensable feature is not to be found in any other safety blade strop.

In buying the **WIZARD STROPPER** for yourself or a friend, it is sold on a guarantee of giving absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. It comes to you in a neat black and gold case ready for business.

Price, \$3.00

Ask your dealer first—if he can't supply you—we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

Let us mail to you, postpaid, our interesting booklet, "Keen on doing it right"

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO.

12 Prospect Street

Established a
Quarter Century

Newark, New Jersey

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Flexible Flyer

"THE SLED THAT STEERS"

Steers by the mere pressure of hand or foot on the steering-bar, past all other sleds and around every obstacle.

The FLEXIBLE FLYER saves its cost in boots and shoes alone the first season. No dragging the feet. This prevents wet feet, colds, doctors' bills. It outlasts three ordinary sleds.

Years ago we patented the principle of the famous FLEXIBLE FLYER steering-bar and now every one recognizes the superiority of "the sled that steers."

Our patented grooved runners prevent skidding, and the FLEXIBLE FLYER has many other exclusive features. Ask your dealer to show them to you.

Insist on the FLEXIBLE FLYER and be sure to look for the trade-mark!

Card-board model free

Let us send it. Also booklet, beautifully illustrated in colors showing coasting scenes, etc. A postal will bring both. WRITE TODAY!

Do it NOW before you forget it.

S. L. ALLEN & CO.
Box 1101 M, Phila., Pa.
Patentees & Sole Mfrs.



Wins Every Race!

Rare Old Violins

The Lyon & Healy Collection offers teachers and students genuine old Concert Violins of the 17th and 19th centuries, ranging from

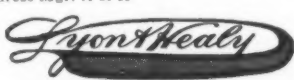
\$50 to \$250 and upward

Also a number of the world's finest Cremona masterpieces for Concert work

TIME PAYMENTS IF DESIRED

Send for our New and Complete Catalog Violins Sent on Approval

We sell instruments of unquestioned authenticity only. Musical value assured. Satisfaction in every case certain. Your attention is especially invited to this exceptional opportunity. Address Mgr. A R K



CHICAGO

Leading Violin Collectors of America

(91)

Free 1911 Catalog

WRITE FOR IT

J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency, the largest in the world, furnishes any Magazine or Newspaper, at Amazingly Low Prices, and gives quick, accurate, reliable service.

Save Magazine Money

Our 1911 Catalog lists more than 3000 Periodicals and Club Offers. It's a BIG MONEY SAVER.

GET FREE

this great Magazine Catalog

Send Us Your Name and Address NOW

J. M. HANSON'S MAGAZINE AGENCY
120 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.



STAMPS 10¢ all diff., Transvaal, Serbia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and ALBANY, 10¢. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20¢. 65 diff. U. S., 35¢. 1000 hinges, 5¢. Agents wanted, 50¢ per ct. List Free. I buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brilliante Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

moonlight. Seeking the fresh air, one of the dancers stepped from the drawing-room to the flags outside. She had then raised the cry of terror and fallen in a faint. What she had seen, Herrick a moment later also saw. On the terrace in the moonlight, Bruno and Clara, on their hind legs, were solemnly waltzing. Neither the scream nor the cessation of the music disturbed them. Contentedly, proudly, they continued to revolve in hops and leaps. From their happy expression, it was evident they not only were greatly enjoying themselves, but that they felt they were affording immeasurable delight to others.

SICK at heart, furious, bitterly hurt, with roars of mocking laughter in his ears, Herrick ran toward the stables for help. At the farther end of the terrace the butler had placed a tray of liqueurs, whiskies and soda bottles. His back had been turned for only a few moments, but the time had sufficed.

Lolling with his legs out, stretched in a wicker chair, Herrick beheld the form of Ikey. Between his uplifted paws he held aloof the base of a decanter; between his teeth, and well jammed down his throat, was the long neck of the bottle. From it issued the sound of gentle gurgling. Herrick seized the decanter and hurled it crashing upon the terrace. With difficulty Ikey rose. Swaying and shaking his head reproachfully, he gave Herrick a perfectly accurate imitation of an intoxicated bear.

Purloined Christmas

(Continued from page 23)

plane that must have once served to help passage, sprouted a persimmon tree, old enough to bear fruit.

Peyton's captors hustled him from the sleigh into the barn, and closed the door after them. Through chinks in the roof snow descended, and lay without melting on the dirt floor. With the exception of one of those huge iron kettles in which the bristles are scalded from pigs, the place was innocent of farm implements. In one corner was a heap of wooden decoy ducks, very roughly made, and very much battered; many of them lacked a head. One whole end of the barn was stacked with firewood. In the other end was a rickety door that presumably connected the barn with the dwelling house. An occasional paroxysm of coughing could be heard from beyond the door. And without giving the matter any particular attention Peyton diagnosed the cough as that of one far gone in consumption. Whenever it began, and while it lasted, the big captor kept his inscrutable mask turned toward it. Once he opened the door a little, poked his head through, and could be seen to nod two or three times.

The cold of the floor pierced upward into Peyton's feet and legs; his nose began to run, and his throat to titillate. He began to stamp his feet, and to beat his gloved hands against each other.

The man who had ridden on the mule looked up from dragging the big kettle into the center of the floor.

"We'll warm you soon," he said, in a dull, emotionless voice.

"I should like to know what you are going to do with me," said Peyton.

"You'll see, and feel," answered the man—"at first."

PEYTON'S eyes wandered to where his captors had leaned their guns; and he began to edge toward them. He achieved about a yard; and was brought up by a laugh. The big man crossed the barn and stood by the guns.

Meanwhile the man who had dragged the kettle into the middle of the floor began to fetch and stack firewood about it. Peyton saw that the kettle occupied a position immediately beneath a great hole in the roof; and that it was, perhaps, a quarter filled with cold tar.

Then, as if to settle all doubts as to what was to be done with him, one of the men produced from the corner in which was the heap of decoys a great bag of coarse sacking to which feathers clung and from which feathers protruded—mallard feathers, canvasback, quail, turkey, and hen—the remainder of many an ill-fated hunt. Then the firewood that had been laid about the kettle was lighted, and bitter, stinging smoke arose, and, half filling



Mirroscope Model 99, as equipped for electricity. It is also made for gas and acetylene; has double-lens system, shows pictures clear to the edge, doesn't get hot, focuses perfectly; covered with leatherette. Price \$25; other models \$3 to \$20.

Christmas Guessing Games with the Mirroscope

IMPROVED 1911 MODEL

NO Christmas entertainment is more easily gotten up, nor more productive of fun and individual cleverness than an evening of Mirroscope Guessing Contests. The few suggestions at the bottom of this page give but a hint of the Mirroscope's endless possibilities for amusement and instruction for grown-ups and children all the year 'round.

Easily Operated—Inexpensive

Paper and pencils for your guests and a sheet or screen on which to show the pictures are the only necessities. The Mirroscope needs no special plates, slides or films. Any object you can put in at the back appears at once on the screen, in its original colors, magnified to several feet in diameter. The light is reflected from the object itself and projected through a strong lens. Any one can operate the instrument and the objects to be guessed are made tenfold more interesting or comical.

Other Ways in Which You Can Use the Mirroscope

To illustrate a great number of guessing-games, such as "Auto-graph Ghosts," advertising trade-marks, popular proverbs, names of books, etc.

To show Kodak, post-card, and other collections; to burlesque familiar songs; to illustrate vacation experiences; for plays and charades in miniature.

The Mirroscope has unlimited possibilities for amusing and instructing children, such as geography lessons, illustrated by views of cities, mountains, national costumes and famous buildings; history lessons; illustrated folk-lore; fairy stories, Mother Goose, etc.; natural history talks, showing pictures of birds, flowers, fish or animals.



How the Mirroscope enlarges a small picture.

A Few Suggestions for Mirroscope Guessing Contests

1. Have your guests each make an "auto-graph ghost," by writing his name and folding the paper so that it blots. The weird and fantastic forms resulting will create much merriment and be surprisingly hard to guess.
2. Cut out and paste on cards well-known advertising trade-marks with one or two not quite as familiar—to test the really observant ones.
3. Have each guest make an original sketch to illustrate the name of a book or a familiar proverb and then show the drawings with the Mirroscope. If you have never tried this, you can't imagine how funny the results are.

The Mirroscope is not limited to entertainments such as these but has almost limitless possibilities for amusing and instructing people of every age and taste.

The Mirroscope is economical, simple in operation, and needs no special plates, slides or films. Five minutes are sufficient to hang the sheet or screen and begin showing pictures.

The Mirroscope is Made in Three Styles

Gas and Electric for town or city; Acetylene for farm, country home, camp or sea-shore.

Six Sizes in Each Style

Four Standard Sizes: \$7.50, \$10, \$15, \$20 (80% of our sales are in the \$15 and \$20 sizes). Two Toy Sizes: \$3 and \$5. While not as large or as elaborate as the standard sizes—these instruments are reliable, well-constructed and a great source of enjoyment and instruction to the youngsters.



This illustrates the name of a well-known book—Can you guess it?

For your protection, every instrument is plainly stamped with the word "Mirroscope." If your dealer does not handle, accept no substitute, as we can readily ship the Mirroscope you select, express prepaid on receipt of price. In Canada add one dollar to cover duty and express prepaid.

Write for Free Booklet: "Mirroscope Entertainments." In this book many forms of Mirroscope entertainments are described in detail by Mirroscope enthusiasts and many others are suggested—several of which have never before been published. The book also contains a complete catalog and price-list of all 1911 Mirroscope Models.

The Buckeye Stereopticon Company

Manufacturers of Mirrosopes and High-grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement Purposes

501 Sackett Avenue

Cleveland, Ohio

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



The Best Neck Protector is the Bradley Auto Scarf

This is one of the celebrated Bradley V-Neck Mufflers. It is knitted from the finest Australian wool, is of extra length and sells everywhere for \$1.50, in all collar sizes and many different colors.

The importance of the V-Neck is shown in the illustration below. Note how the Bradley hugs the neck—how smoothly it lies—how it protects neck, shoulders and spine.

Bradley

Full-Fashioned V-Neck Mufflers

(Patented 1908, 1909 and 1910)

all have this important feature, including the styles retailing for 50c, \$1.00, and \$1.75—something entirely lacking in the old style mufflers. You should therefore insist upon seeing the name **Bradley** on any muffler you buy.

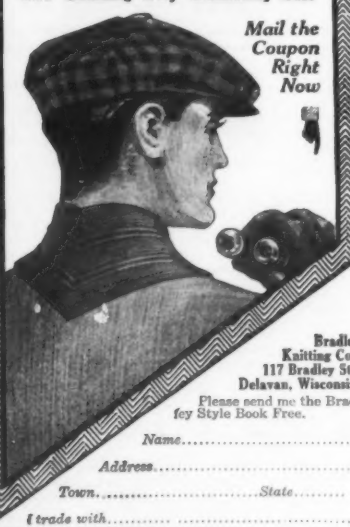
Bradley

Knit Coats

For Men, Women and Children represent the highest values in knit garments. Many desirable styles in a wide range of colors at \$2.00 to \$10.00.

If your dealer cannot supply you with the genuine Bradley Mufflers or Knit Coats, mail us the coupon below and we will see you are supplied.

The Bradley Knitting Co.
117 Bradley St., Delavan, Wis.



Mail the Coupon Right Now

Bradley Knitting Co.,
117 Bradley St.,
Delavan, Wisconsin.
Please send me the Bradley Style Book Free.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

I trade with.....

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

the barn, began to escape in a desultory manner through the hole in the roof.

Peyton heard a fresh paroxysm of coughing, and then a tiny, shrill, piping sound. "Good God!" he thought, forgetting his own danger, "it's a woman, and she's got a little baby."

He looked directly at the big man who guarded the guns.

"Your wife is a very sick woman, my man," he said.

The man started forward with a kind of stumble—then stopped, suspicious.

"How do you know she's my wife?" he said. "Do you know who I am?"

"I do not," said Peyton. "I think she is your wife, because the cough seems to trouble you, and not the others."

"It's just a heavy cough," said the big man as if apologizing. "She can't seem to shake it off."

"Apparently not," said Peyton.

"It come on her," said the big man, "while I was—while I had to be away. There was nobody to take care of her. And she had the baby comin'—"

"You had to be away," said Peyton. "Now I know who you are—all five of you. I've been thinking so. But I didn't think your year was up so soon."

The big brother swept a hand toward his four little brothers.

"They're just out," he said, "but I've bin out three months—good behavior. Boys, he knows us."

"And a bad thing for him," answered the one who was trying with a long stick to hurry the melting of the tar in the kettle. He desisted from this long enough to remove his hood. The birthmark that disfigured the half of his face shone with a horrid moist redness in the firelight.

"Now," he said, "we'll have to put the tar to him—boilin' instead of just hot. Then he won't go and tell on us."

THE expression on Peyton's face was one that he had often seen on the faces of patients about to be given ether before a serious operation—terror, made inactive by strength of will, by resignation, and by the knowledge that there is no escape.

It was when the tar, which for a long time had been giving off suffocating, dense fumes, began to boil, that the man with the birthmark told Peyton to strip. And Peyton knew, his mind blank and helpless as to ways, that presently he must make his attempt at escape, whatever that might be. He got out of his Santa Claus costume willingly enough; for all along it had been that which had rendered his activity negligible, and he stood forth presently in a mauve striped silk shirt and a pair of pepper-and-salt trousers, much wrinkled and creased below the knees from serving as a core upon which the vast calves of Santa Claus had been wound and stockinged. At this point he stopped.

"Get on! Get on!" said the man with the birthmark.

PEYTON'S voice shook in spite of his best efforts to control it.

"Don't do this"—his voice broke square in two—"don't do this on Christmas morning."

All laughed mirthlessly, except the big man. He turned his head to listen to the woman's coughing.

Peyton spoke again.

"I suppose your idea is to run me out of the country so that you can have things your own way." He was angry now, because they had laughed when his voice showed fear. "But I tell you, if you don't drop this business here and now, I'll hunt you down, every low down white trash cur of you, and put you where you won't trouble anybody any more."

"Hunt us down?" exclaimed one of the brothers with intense drawing sarcasm, "and you lyin' out yonder in the bottom, with the buzzards gatherin' from the air, and the foxes trippin' in from the woods—"

Another spoke.

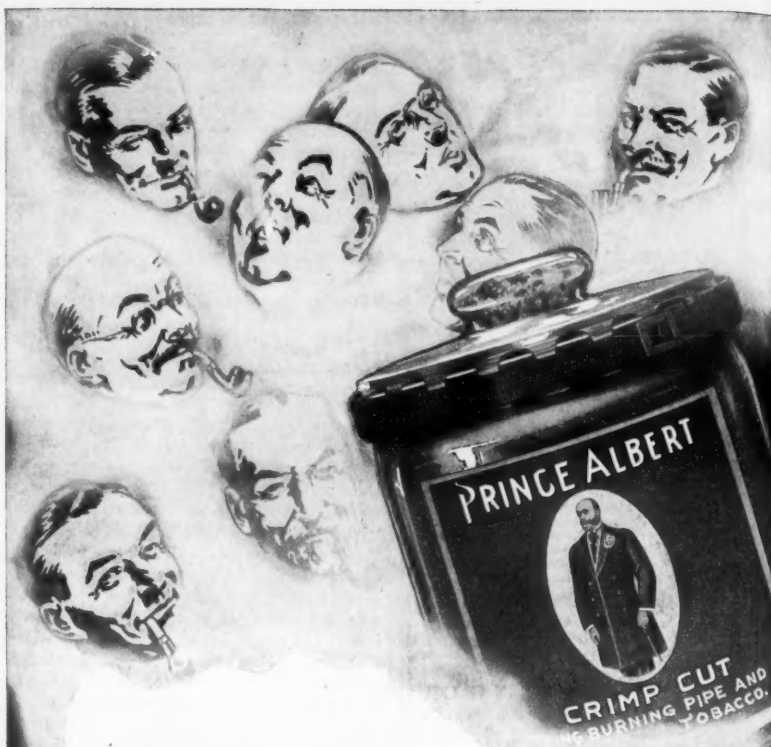
"You hunted us down once," he said, "didn't you? And we went to jail, didn't we? Well—"

A third spoke.

"And here we all are," said he.

Then the fourth—the big brother was listening for the woman's cough—

"And it's sweeter," said he, "than money, 'n' sweeter 'n' houses, 'n' women, 'n' power, 'n' sweeter than honey in the honeycomb to get even."



Christmas Pipe Joy

Wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts—Listen!

HERE'S the gift for him; the gift any man who smokes will sure appreciate—a humidor jar filled with Prince Albert tobacco!

Call at any tobacco store and ask to see this glass jar. It's a pippin! In the top fits a little sponge which, when moist, keeps the tobacco fresh and inviting—just ripe for a *happy days smoke!*

Now, when the tobacco's all gone, there's the jar and the sponge! Why, then it's the perfect humidor for cigars! See? Say, just leave it to him, *he knows!*

If he says he can't smoke a pipe, it's because he never smoked the right tobacco. Prince Albert is the right tobacco! Simply buy him a

Humidor Jar of PRINCE ALBERT

You get the tobacco into the house; he'll take care of the smoking! *Sure thing!*

Prince Albert is the tobacco men everywhere are smoking and talking about. Hasn't bitten anybody else's tongue; *won't bite his!* Has the pleasantest odor of any tobacco made. The ideal pipe smoke for the man at home, or anywhere else!

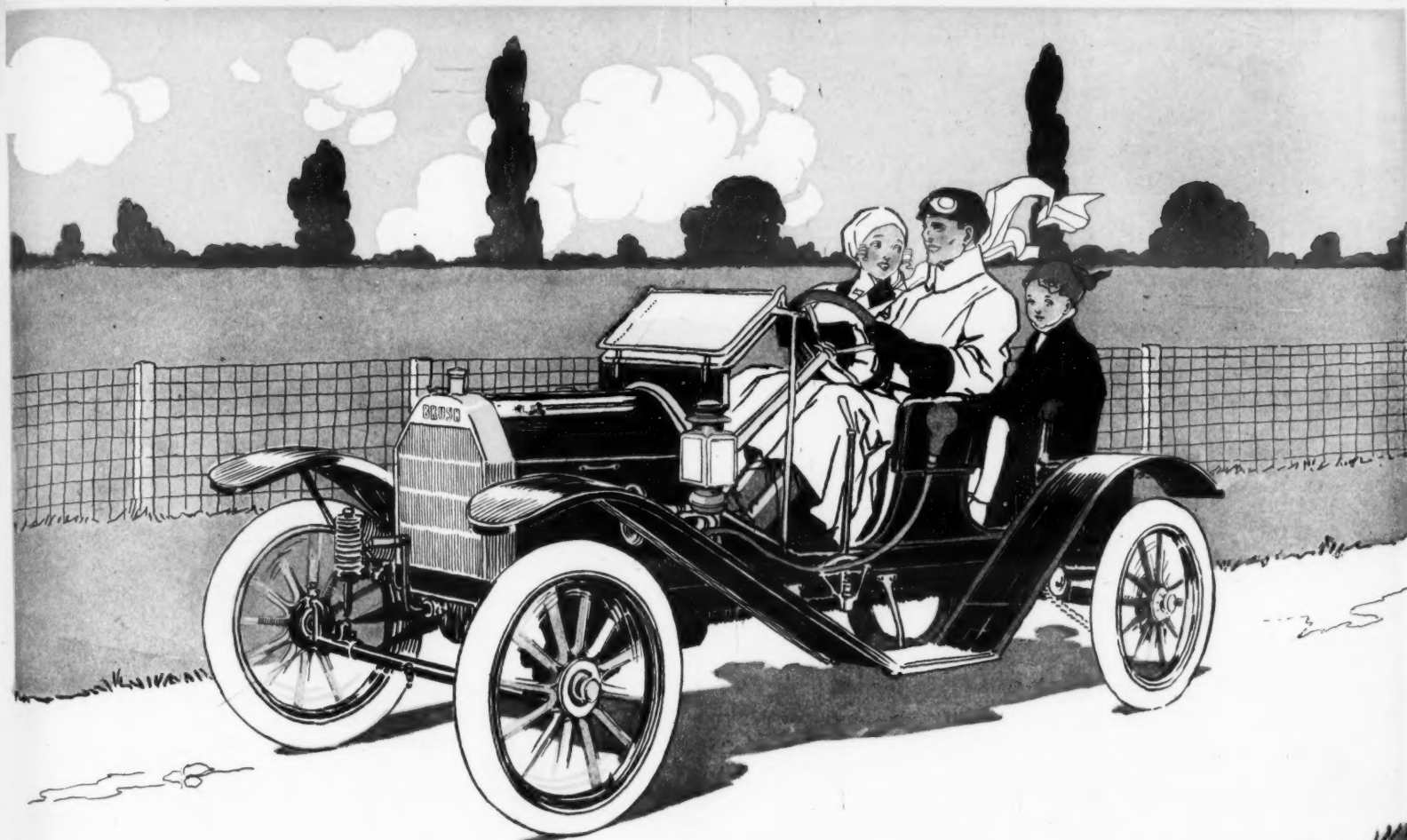
No man who ever smoked a pipe—no matter how long ago he quit, discouraged like—can resist the delights of Prince Albert!

Get this gift right off your mind. Buy it now—while dealers have plenty in stock.

Prince Albert is sold everywhere. In humidor jars, in 10c tins and 5c bags. Or send 8c for introductory can.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Everyman's Car \$485

The Brush Runabout

AFTER six days of close application to your work—confined within four walls, perhaps—it is a blessing to be able to re-create your self on the seventh day—in the open air.

Thoughtful people are concerning themselves more and more with the problem of re-invigoration—the refreshing of one's vitality to meet the growing demands of the work-a-day world.

Practical people make producing hours more productive by this means.

The Brush Runabout is the ideal vehicle to carry one to that end.

For six days it will work as you work—go where you will, when you will—do for you what it is doing for thousands of Brush owners—become as essential to you as any aide in your business.

On the seventh day it will play as you play—whole-heartedly, with no discordant note, ever-ready, untiring, pleasing every sense—wholly satisfying. It is

This drawing is a reproduction of the cover design of a mighty interesting book that tells why the Brush is adaptable to your business—Send for it.

Everyman's Car Every Day

BRUSH RUNABOUT CO., 1230 Rhode Island Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Licensed under Selden Patent



Christmas Presents for Men

At Christmas, on Birthdays or Anniversaries, or for Prizes, we suggest

LARTER SHIRT STUDS & LARTER VEST BUTTONS

Men know them as the only kind that can be put into a shirt or vest easily—without smudging the buttonholes.

All Larter Studs and Vest Buttons bear this trade-mark to identify them, and the exact carat of the gold is stamped on the back. Larter Studs and Larter Vest Buttons have a broad guarantee—if any accident happens to the back, a new one given in exchange.

For sale by jewelers everywhere. If your dealer can't supply you, we'll send you name of nearby dealer who can.

Write for Illustrated Booklet

It illustrates and describes the wide variety in which Larter Studs and Buttons are made—tells what studs are proper for all occasions.

Larter & Sons, 22 Maiden Lane, New York



"Yes—We Need an Expert"

While there is always an overflow of applicants for the little jobs, there is always room for the expert—the man with special training. In fact, the demand for trained men far exceeds the supply.

To succeed in any line of work you must have special training. This is imperative. If you have a liking for some particular well-paid occupation, the International Correspondence Schools will train you in your spare time to qualify for a good position in that very line. Doesn't matter who you are, where you live, what you do, or what your age. So long as you are ambitious, and can read and write, the I. C. S. will go to you and train you in your own home.

Mark the coupon opposite the occupation you wish to follow, and mail it to-day. Then the I. C. S. will tell you of the particular I. C. S. way by which you can succeed in life. Marking and mailing the coupon costs only the postage, and puts you under no obligation.

382 salaries raised in 1909 through I. C. S. help. 316 in September, 1910. To learn how to multiply your salary, mark and mail the coupon to-day.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1198, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

<p>Automobile Running Mine Superintendent Mine Foreman Plumbing, Steam Fitting Concrete Construction Civil Engineer Textile Manufacturing Stationary Engineer Telephone Expert Mechan. Engineer Mechanical Draftsman Electrical Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt. Electric Wireman</p>	<p>Civil Service Architect Chemist Languages—French German Banking—Italian Building Contractor Architectural Draftsman Industrial Designing Commercial Illustrating Window Trimming Show Card Writing Advertising Man Stenographer Bookkeeper</p>
--	---

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The big brother turned a haggard face to Peyton.

"The boys here," said he, "was locked up for things they'd done. Mebbe those things wasn't any great matter, but they done 'em, and they was caught—and the law said they have to take punishment. But I hadn't done nothing. . . . I'd turned a new leaf account o' her—" he pointed with his thumb to the door that separated the barn from the house. "The day we was married I was took, and I was condemned on suspicion; and I passed my honeymoon in jail—and she passed hers in this — hole, with the kid comin', and nobody to help her when her hour came. Listen now to that coughin'—if you want to know what stands between me and good deeds."

THE big man's utterance was sure and compelling. It rang with bitterness, despair, and truth.

Sympathy for the man himself and horror at the story which he had told occupied Peyton's mind to the exclusion of all else.

"I believe you," he said simply; "I'd give my hand to undo it."

The fumes from the tar recalled what menaced.

"But what good's it going to do you to tar and feather me? I can help you, I want to help you. I can make life look rosy to you again—but—" he shrugged his shoulders.

There was a moment of silence, broken by the woman's coughing.

"This day nearly two thousand years ago," said Peyton, "came a Messenger to tell men that if they lived straight, and were honest and kind, they could be happy."

A mirthless laugh interrupted.

"Will you take off that shirt and pants," said the man with the birthmark, "or will I?"

He walked slowly over to Peyton, thrusting out his horrible face.

"Yes," said Peyton, "and I suppose Christ could have made a man—even out of you!"

THE big brother came forward, menacingly, for both Peyton and he of the birthmark had closed their fists, and were bending their brows against each other.

"We'll forgit them thousand years' old messages," he said. "But if you've any messages for any one—it's time to heave 'em out. I'll see to the delivery."

"You've had a bitter wrong, through me, it seems," Peyton said. "If I have any messages they're for you. But they can't be told all at once—or they can't be proved."

"No," said the big man sarcastically, "they can't be proved; there wouldn't be time for that. But if you've got some glad tidings for me I'll listen. It'll be quite an ex-per-i-ence."

Peyton looked him straight in the eyes; and pointed to the door behind which the woman was again coughing.

"How long is it," he said sharply, "since the windows of that room have been open? I can see your wife as plainly as if that door didn't exist. She's huddled over a smoky fire, breathing air that hasn't been changed for weeks. When she isn't doing that she's doing work that's too heavy for her—cooking your meals for you—washing dishes—and carrying in loads of wood to keep the fire going. Well, in six months you'll be doing all those things yourself—and as you're not fit to look after a young baby, the baby will die too—"

"Is these your glad tidings?" said the big man.

"No," said Peyton. "That cough of your wife's means consumption—"

"Oh, that's the tidings!"

"No," said Peyton. "The glad tidings are these: that she can be so cared for that she may live a long and happy life—that she may even get well."

A CURIOUS expression lighted the big brother's face. It lost its apathy, and sullen, brooding anger.

"Is this all lies?" he asked, not angrily.

"It's as true," said Peyton, with all the matter-of-fact conviction that he could command, "as true as that she will die miserably within six months, if you—er—throw away the knowledge and the money that could help her. Knowledge is cheap enough—give her fresh air—wholesome food well cooked—plenty of milk—sugar—"

No bosom-bulge in Emery Guaranteed Shirts \$1.50 up

Look for *Emery*—particularly when you buy Dress Shirts. The *Emery* label is the Mark of 30 years' expertness in shirtmaking; the Assurance of custom fit and appearance; the Guaranty of satisfaction—to both seller and buyer.

Neckbands and bosoms pre-shrunk—and proof against tub-warping! Sleeve lengths to fit all men. Bodies correctly proportioned. Each shirt tested for accuracy and thoroughness of workmanship. Each goes to its wearer as the most satisfactory shirt he can buy. Failing of that, in any case, the *Emery* dealer replaces the shirt with a new one.

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS give *Emery* Shirts—guaranteed fit, color and wear—and so make sure of the recipient's satisfaction in your gift.

If your dealer can't supply you, write for name of the *Emery* dealer in your city.

Walter M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, The *Emery* Shirt, Philadelphia
Also New York, Chicago and St. Louis

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

Cheney Silk Cravats are now offered in a great variety of fancies, Bengalines and Scotch Plaids.

The development of the Cheney Tubular idea has revolutionized the manufacturing of neckwear, while the variety and beauty of the combinations possible make its permanency an assured fact. All our Cravats are marked

CHENEY SILKS

in the neckband. Tubular, reversible, no padding, tie neatly.

At your haberdasher's—or 50c (state colors) postpaid. Ask to see the new Bengalines.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
South Manchester, Conn.



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.

The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.

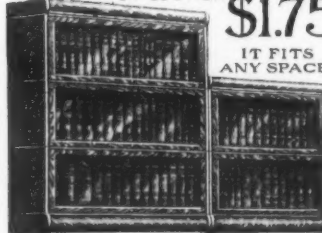
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and mediative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.

If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

THE SURBRUG CO., 81 Dey Street, New York

Without Door \$1.00 PER SECTION With Door \$1.75



IT FITS ANY SPACE

On Approval. Freight Paid

Lundstrom

IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY

SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Endorsed "THE BEST" by Over Fifty Thousand Users

MADE under our own patents, in our own factory, and the entire production sold direct to the home and office. That is the reason we can offer them at such reasonable prices. Our Sectional Bookcases are the product of years of undivided attention to this one line of manufacture. Book sections have non-binding, disappearing glass doors, and are highly finished in SOLID GOLDEN OAK. Other styles and finishes at correspondingly low prices. Write for New Catalogue No. 41.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y.

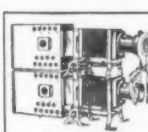
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets
New York Office: 373 Broadway



I Made Big Money

Selling Metallic Signs. What this man did you can do. Easy money. Everybody buys quick. Best letters ever made for signs on store fronts, office windows, house numbers, etc.; resembles finest gold leaf. Letters all ready to put on. Put up a complete sign in a few minutes. Big demand everywhere. A gold mine for agents. Great side-line for traveling men. Write today for free sample of letters and bona fide testimonials from those who have made big money. Make more easy money than you ever made before.

METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 418 N. Clark St., Chicago



STEREOPTICONS

With approved equipment for Amusement, Instruction, the Lecture Hall, School, Church and Lodge. Views covering all subjects. Profits assured in giving public entertainments. Write for catalogue.

McALLISTER MFG. OPTICIANS, Dept. 20, 49 Nassau St., New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

In a dainty Gift Box—What better Gift?



What more suitable than a handsome, cleanly, efficient Parker fountain pen, to be the intimate companion of the father, mother, brother, sister, sweetheart or friend who gets it for Christmas? If the Parker isn't all I recommend the dealer will refund your money—If the fountain is broken by accident within one year, I will repair or replace at no cost. GEO. S. PARKER.



CLEANLY BECAUSE OF THE LUCKY CURVE

There are only two kinds of fountain pens, the common straight inkfeed type, and the Parker with the curved inkfeed—the Lucky Curve. Straight inkfeeds hold ink when you stop writing, until air expanded in the reservoir by the heat of the body forces it into the cap, where you find it ready to soil fingers and linen when you remove the cap to write. But the curved inkfeed of the Parker—the Lucky Curve—is self-draining. No ink in the feed, none can be forced into the cap—and this is the patented feature that makes the Parker cleanly and serviceable for a life-time.

No. 15—\$7.00. Barrel of tinted pearl slabs held by gold bands. Gold filigree cap with space for owner's name.
No. 16—\$6.00. 18k. gold plate mounting. Space for owner's name.
No. 42½—\$4.50. Chased barrel, gold band. Space for owner's name.
No. 51—\$3.50. Gold or silver, designed name plate, unique and simple.
No. 20½—\$2.50. Chased barrel, Lady's size.

PARKER PEN CO., Geo. S. Parker, Pres., 98 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

BRANCHES: Parker Pen Co. (Retail), 11 Park Row, New York City
Buntin, Gillies & Co., Hamilton and Montreal, Canada
Parker Pen Co., Stuttgart, Germany

PARKER JACK-KNIFE Safety Fountain Pen

Even carried upside down this unique little pen doesn't leak. I carried one in my pants pocket with my knife and compass on a 250 mile hunting and boating trip, and it never leaked a drop. Goes flat in your lower vest pocket or loose in the outside coat pocket or in a lady's purse or handbag. No valves, springs or disappearing mechanism to get out of order.

Ladies' special Jack-Knife Safety Pen, like illustration at the right, with ring for attaching to chain, sterling silver mounting, \$5.00; gold mounting, \$6.00. Lady's or Gentleman's—plain with No. 2 gold pen, \$2.50; with gold band \$3.00; plain with larger gold pen, \$3.00; \$4.00 and \$5.00, according to size.

EMBLEM PENS

Solid gold bands and emblems of fraternal orders, K. of P., K. of C., I. O. O. F., Elks, Masons, etc., \$12.00.

SOLD BY DEALERS

If you can't find a Parker dealer, write to me for illustrated catalog. Prices range from \$1.50 to \$250.00.



PARKER

LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

Christmas Gift Box FREE

On request you may have FREE, an Artistically Decorated Presentation Box symbolizing the Spirit of Christmas.

THE GEORGE S. PARKER

Christmas Gift

MELVILLE CLARK'S

APOLLO

The Player Piano That

Owens the exclusive right of playing downward on the keys.
Owens the METRONOME Motor—as essential as a teacher's metronome.
Was first to play 88 notes.
Accents the Melody correctly in all compositions.
Plays an accompaniment or any composition in any desired key.

Have you quit puzzling your brain about which is the best player piano?
Have you decided to buy one at random, trusting to luck to get the best?
Wouldn't you like to settle the question and have the player at home before Christmas?

Wouldn't it help you to know why we are able to guarantee that the Apollo is the only player piano in the world that actually has the human touch?

Wouldn't it help you to know why we guarantee the Metronome Motor to produce correct tempo?

Wouldn't it help you to know why we guarantee the Apollo to be the only player piano in the world that can accent the melody correctly in all compositions?

Wouldn't it help you to settle the player piano question if you knew why a house of the financial standing of the Melville Clark Piano Co. could guarantee the above statements in the face of the claims made and advertised by certain of our competitors?

Wouldn't we be bankrupt if we couldn't prove things we say?
Wouldn't you like to know before you put \$500 or \$1000 into a player piano just what you are going to get for that money? Then send your name and address and get a complete answer in a hurry.

Melville Clark Piano Co.
421 Steinway Building
Chicago, U. S. A.

Your money goes further

This Christmas, give presents of Simmons jewelry. For very little outlay you can make a big showing and give much pleasure.

You can suit everyone

Simmons jewelry makes attractive, inexpensive presents. You can buy several pieces for the price of a single piece of solid gold. Each piece will be equivalent to solid gold in everything except cost to you.

The solid gold outside of Simmons jewelry is 12 to 14 karat pure, and two to three times as thick as the ordinary gold filled or plated jewelry—with which it must not be confused. It will wear for years—for as long, in fact, as the fashion of a particular style is in vogue.

If you are not where a jeweler can supply you, send in your order, direct for this list, and we will supply you through some reliable jeweler, paying postage. If you are near a jeweler, get our booklet or show him this ad. Tell him what you want. He has it or can get it for you. Send coupon.

SIMMONS CHAINS AND FOBs

Chatelaine Pin, No. 17275-2. A charming gift of embossed gold—very substantial—and has a perfect safety clasp. Would also make a brooch or collar pin. Worth \$5.00 in solid gold form. Price \$2.25.

Vest Chain, No. 2959. A gift that will appeal to men of discrimination and taste. One of the popular new rope chains. Easily worth \$15.00 to \$20.00 if made of solid gold. Price \$5.00.

Seal for above, No. 3283. Round cameo style, head on one side, outside rim of polished gold. Price \$2.00.

Ribbon Watch Fob, No. 16075. A very attractive and suitable gift for either a man or a woman. Seal of graceful line, beautiful workmanship. Equivalent of a solid gold fob worth over \$7.50. Price \$4.75.

Cut this out, sign and mail to R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass., for free booklet of helpful suggestions for selecting chains and fobs.

My Jeweler's Name is _____
My Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Marion Harland's Christmas Message



"I believe no more wonderful gift could be bestowed upon the women of America at this Christmas time than the benefits which result from the use of a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner.

"To the woman doing her own housework it offers the priceless boon of relief from drudgery—of hours saved for happier things.

"To the woman with servants it offers a means of securing and retaining satisfactory servants.

"To every woman it offers the opportunity for sanitary cleanliness in her home, otherwise impossible.

"It means protection from dread disease for every member of the household and especially for the helpless little ones.

"It has been my lifelong theory founded upon tragic facts, that dust is a deadly enemy in our homes. With the advent of the Duntley Cleaner dust is banished, with all its attendant evils, and no woman need be without the Duntley another day. Mr. Duntley has developed a plan which places his cleaner within the reach of you all.

"I can wish you nothing better at this beautiful season than the gift of a cleaner, happier, more healthful home, which the Duntley will surely bring you. Won't you write me for all the information I can give you about it?"

Marion Harland
Domestic Director

A Free Demonstration of the Duntley in your home

Communicate with our nearest dealer and have the Duntley demonstrated on your own rugs, curtains, clothes, mattresses, furs, chairs—anything in the house. Use it yourself and see what it will do. It is practically noiseless and costs but about 2 cents per hour to operate. Can be had on easy monthly payments if desired.

If there is no dealer in your town fill out this coupon and mail to us.

Duntley Manufacturing Company
496 Harvester Building, Chicago

Please send me further information about the Duntley.

Name.....
Address.....
I have electric current in my home



An Attic Made Liveable and Attractive by Beaver Board

BEAVER BOARD

PANELED WALLS AND CEILINGS

THEY take the place of lath and plaster in every type of new or remodeled building. Invaluable for partitions, false ceilings, etc.

They are quickly and easily put up and give the most artistic, durable and economical results.

They resist sound, cold, heat, shocks, strains and vibrations. They do not crack, chip or deteriorate with age.

Sold by hardware, lumber, paint, wall-paper and builders' supply dealers, and decorators. If your dealer doesn't handle, we shall be glad to see you are supplied.

Write for interesting free booklet, "Beaver Board and Its Uses" which treats the subject in full detail. Many illustrations.

The BEAVER COMPANY of BUFFALO

In U. S., address 211 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, address 161 Beaver Triangle, Ottawa, Ont.

ERICKSON LEG

Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump



THE LARGEST LIMB FACTORY IN THE WORLD
E. H. ERICKSON ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO.
9 Washington Ave. N. Minneapolis, Minn.

PRINT FOR YOURSELF

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press \$5. Larger \$15. Rotary \$60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write for free catalog, TYPE, cards, paper. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

no hard work—dress her warm—there's a heap of knowledge for you—for nothing. But you haven't got the means—and that's where I'd like to come in if I had the chance."

"She'd have a good many years, maybe?" asked the big man.

"Every doctor is fallible," said Peyton. "But I believe so—I believe so!"

"Just wait," said the big man. "And you—" he turned to his brothers—"don't you lift a finger against him till I come back."

He went in to his wife and was gone for some time. They could hear his voice, gentle and argumentative, but not his words. When he returned he was smiling, and embarrassed.

"She says," he said, "she'd rather get well—than—get even."

THE man with the birthmark burst out furiously.

"You chicken sop," he said. "It was you swore the loudest oath of all to tar him and feather him, and no—"

"Shut up!" cried the big man in a voice of thunder. "Where will you four little squirrels stand if I cut loose?" He doubled his enormous fists and paraded them. "Don't look for your gun"—he was now laughing and thundering all at once—"we was down to two loads" (by this he meant cartridges), "one for his gun"—this to Birthmark—"and one for him."

He tapped the breast of his coat. "I didn't like the idea o' shootin', and they're here."

"You swore—" began Birthmark.

"I did. Doctor—I swore—and I can't go back—so if you'll get out of that shirt."

He went into mumbled apologies.

Peyton, not altogether pleased, but without fear now, stripped to the waist.

The man dipped a long splinter of wood into the boiling tar. While that which adhered to the wood was cooling, he gathered in his left hand a few feathers from the mouth of the sack. Then taking the tar, and finding it cool enough for his purpose, he wrote, not without toil, upon Peyton's broad white chest the letters

M—E—R—Y

and dusted them with feathers. Then, having returned the stick, he hesitated, appeared to give himself over to deep reflection, and then, looking up into Peyton's face with a lugubrious smile

"How do you spell Christmas?" he asked.

"NO," said Mrs. Peyton, "I refuse to be anxious. He's just making us wait—so that the children at least will begin to think that there isn't going to be any Christmas after all—"

Secretly she was beginning to grow so anxious that she wanted to scream. She looked at the clock—twelve-thirty. "If he isn't here in ten minutes," she said to herself illogically, "something has happened."

At that very moment shouts of children burst from the front of the house, and her straining ears heard a distant tintinnabulation of bells— And behold—up the great avenue of oaks there came four noble reindeer, made up of mules, and a red sleigh, and a prodigious Republican administration Santa Claus. He was so big that there was hardly room in the seat beside him for a little slip of a woman, almost lost in a splendid fur coat (Mrs. Peyton recognized it as the particular kind that she had asked Santa Claus to bring her), a slip of a woman with a thin, shadowed face that had, however, hope in it and that smiled. Beside the sleigh, as near the woman as might be, walked a huge, lean man. Sometimes he stumbled. And that was because he couldn't look at the woman, and the warm bundle in her lap, and the places to put his feet all at the same time.

Children and grown-ups pressed here and there about the sleigh, shouting and laughing. But Mrs. Peyton went straight at Santa Claus—and without the least awe or respect shook her little forefinger right in his face.

"Will you kindly explain why you are so late?" she said sternly. "I have almost died of anxiety."

Santa Claus assumed a very comical expression, and he spoke (with a pronounced foreign accent—Norwegian, I think):

"I was lost," he said, "in your queer country—but good friends found me and put me on the right road."

Most Nutritious Food Made From Flour

A strong statement—but an absolute fact. Backed up by years of testing.

The stomach digests them with pleasure, and sends them on their way to make rich, red blood, sound flesh and tough muscle.

Every ingredient is a strength-giver, scientifically blended and perfectly baked.

Crisp and delicious Uneeda Biscuit come to you in their dust tight, moisture proof packages, fresh, and clean, and good.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

(Never sold in bulk)



5c

for a package



FRANK NOFALT PIPE

"Nofalt" Stands For the Elimination of the Many Faults Known by All Smokers to Exist in Every Pipe They ever Smoked, or tried to Smoke. It Represents the Master Stroke in Pipe Building. Is All that any Reasonable Man would Ask For in a Pipe. Is Better than can be Described or Pictured Here. Study the True Sectional Engraving, Which Must Look Good To Any Practical Man.

Doubt Not: For if the Pipe does not Make Good, We Will, by Refunding the Purchaser's Money. The Nofalt Pipe is Mechanically Perfect, Extremely Simple, No Screws, Large Flues, Absolutely Safe to Smoke In or Out of the Wind, etc., etc.

Curved or Straight Stem

Skilfully Made of Genuine French Briar, High Friction Finish, Solid Rubber Stem, Sterling Silver Mounted, Individually Boxed, (10) Antiseptic Rectifying Cells, (1) Nickel Plated Cleaner, Illustrated Directions, Promptly and Carefully Delivered, Postpaid Upon Receipt of \$1.00.

The Irving Innovation Co., Suit B, 335 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FOR CHRISTMAS

Give a smart Sweater Coat that takes the smart out of biting frosts and blustering winds these cold days.

Pennsylvania Knit Coats, with the unbreakable "Notair" Buttonholes, have a smart appearance, because they are made of selected yarns, perfect in workmanship and keep their shape everlastingly. They cost you no more than the common sweater coats. Pennsylvania Knit Coats are made for Men, Women and Boys. If your dealer can't furnish them drop us a postal which will bring to you free our "All About Sweaters" book.

Pennsylvania Knitting Mills, 1014 Race St. Philadelphia Pa.



This label on every coat

Pennsylvania Knit Coat



\$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

\$1 down puts into your home any table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Larger tables for \$25, \$35, \$50, \$75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalog.

THE E. T. BURROWES COMPANY, 411 Center St., Portland, Maine

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



"scrumptious" and easy when you do it as given below.



This is but one of many delicious dishes always dependably good and easily made if you use

Snider's Tomato Catsup

Here is the real way to prepare Fried Oysters

One pint large oysters, half cup flour, half cup milk, half cup Snider's Tomato Catsup, half teaspoon salt; mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs; fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot.

MRS. CLARA L. SWEET.

Snider's Tomato Catsup is the perfect sauce for oysters in all styles, also for cutlets, steaks, roasts, and all fish.

No preservatives or coloring matter used in Snider's. Made only from firm, spicy tomatoes and the finest of all materials, combined in the special Snider way.

While ordering, include a few cans of Snider's Pork and Beans and a bottle of Snider's Chili Sauce.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Company
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

All Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.



The King, the Hen and The Golden Eggs

A Christmas Allegory by
ANNA VON CRAMM
and
ANNE WARNER

HERE was once upon a time an old king who had gold-rimmed spectacles, a gold-embroidered robe, a gold-headed walking-stick, and spent all his days and half his nights counting gold. And he lived in a great room all hung with golden tapestry, and at each end there was a window. Under the window that looked on the court was a heap of golden straw, and a cock flew up on top of the heap and crowed sometimes. And under the window that looked on the road was a heap of stones, and a little beggar boy came and sat there and cried sometimes.

But the old king never paid the slightest attention to either, being always very busy counting his gold.

He counted his gold in the morning, he counted his gold in the afternoon, he counted his gold in the evening—in fact, he never stopped counting his gold except once every day.

And this is what happened then.

The old king had a little yellow hen who always sat on the back of his chair, and whom he fed with chocolate drops, raisins, and butter-scotch. Once every day she flew to her nest in the corner of the room and laid a big yellow egg. Whenever she had laid her big yellow egg, and called out: "Cut-cut, ca dar cut," the old king left off counting his gold, went to the corner, picked up the egg, dropped it in a golden tea-kettle, lifted it out with a pair of golden egg-clips, and ate it with great satisfaction.

And when it was eaten he went on counting his gold, counting his gold, counting his gold. So now it was almost Christmas and very cold, and every one was very poor, for all the money in the land was in the king's room, and he never went out and spent it, only hoarded it and counted it over and over. The shopkeepers could sell nothing, for nobody had any money to buy anything—the money was all up in the king's room. There was a great deal of misery and suffering, and the little beggar child sat crying loudly, by day and by night.

BUT the old king didn't care a bit; he was quite happy with his one egg a day and his great pile of gold pieces.

So it was just a week later, and very cold indeed, and the fire was acting badly, and the child was crying loudly, and the hen flew to the corner and laid her egg.

The king was very hungry and went to get it immediately, and fancy his surprise when he picked it up and found it to be gold.

He could not believe it at first, and shook and pounded it; but then he bit it, and he knew what gold tastes like—and then he gave a great cry, for he saw that



"It's time you owned a Waltham"

What more appropriate, acceptable, and enduring gift than a watch? Waltham has been the watch favorite of social as well as of business and industrial life for nearly three-quarters of a century.

WALTHAM

has beauty to commend it, usefulness, reliability and integrity to make first impressions permanent. It is a watch that flatters the recipient and keeps the donor in constant and grateful recollection.

There is no more perfect specimen of watch making than the Waltham Colonial. Made as thin as it is safe to make a reliable time-piece, it is the last word in the watchmaker's art. At all JEWELERS, from \$50 to \$175. Write for handsome booklet, describing the various Waltham movements and learn the one best suited to your needs.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

WALTHAM, MASS.

NEW YORK to NEW ORLEANS

An Ideal Voyage on Southern Seas

BY MAGNIFICENT 10,000-TON

SOUTHERN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS

Sailings Wednesdays and Saturdays from either port,

\$35.00 ONE WAY \$60.00 ROUND TRIP \$63.00 RETURNING BY RAIL

including meals and berth

Convincing Literature Yours for the Asking

L. H. Nutting, G. P. A., 366, 1158 or 1 Broadway, New York



How to tell a "Cravenette"

(Regd. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Rain Coat



This circular registered trade mark is stamped on the inside of garment.



This silk label is sewed at the collar or elsewhere.

None Genuine Without Them

"Cravenette" RAIN COATS contain no rubber; are rain-tight, but not air-tight; will keep you dry; will not over-heat or cause you to perspire. They have no disagreeable odor. Will keep you warm in Winter; cool in Summer.

"Rain Will Neither Wet Nor Spot Them" The process used by the CRAVENETTE CO. to rainproof cloths does not change the appearance of the cloth in the least. It prevents the cloth from becoming water-logged, soggy, heavy or wet. It is the only process worthy of your serious consideration.

The waterproofing of a coat costs but little. You would never know from its appearance that a "CRAVENETTE" is a waterproof coat, but wear it in a rain storm and you will soon find it out.

They can be worn at all times; on all occasions, and will always look stylish and dainty. Leading retailers of men's, women's and children's clothing sell the genuine "CRAVENETTE" RAIN COATS. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the stamp and label.

Write us for Booklet ("C") telling about these useful and serviceable garments.

Cravenette Co., USA

Office: 100 Fifth Ave., Cor. 15th St., New York.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist's Double Throat. The roof of mouth, always inviolate; greatest thing yet. Astorish and merry four friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only ten cents; 4 for 25 cents or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co., Dept. J, Frenchtown, N. J.

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE

"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" Trade Mark. The Pipe They Let You Smoke at Home. Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Order 2 or More Today. H. WENGES, The Smoker's Friend, 129 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.



Chicken Raising Made Practical For City People



Hatch chicks in any room with a Handy Hatcher. It weighs less than 6 lbs.; holds 25 eggs; is as accurate as the largest standard incubator and duplicates the hen's nest in every particular. Costs only \$3.50 with valuable book—Moss System of Home-Made Fireless brooders, and best feeding methods. Send for catalog. THE HANDY HATCHER COMPANY, Dept. 12, Kansas City, Missouri

Wanted: 5,000 SQUABS Daily

by only one N. Y. commission firm. See what they say in National Squab Magazine (monthly). Specimen copy from us, Ten Cents. Read also in our big 1931 Free Book, How to Make Money Breeding Squabs, how to get \$6 a day, how to start small and grow big. Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 324 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.



Just Try It On

STEAKS

and you will be delighted with the added zest given by

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It improves Soups, Fish, Roasts, Chops, Game, Gravies, Salad Dressings, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebits and many other dishes.

As a seasoning, Lea & Perrins Sauce, the original Worcestershire, fills every requirement.

See that Lea & Perrins' signature is on wrapper and label.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

Manning-Bowman

CIRCULATING Coffee Percolators (Patented)



Make Coffee Quickly From Cold Water—

The most hurried breakfast can now have good breakfast coffee—clear, rich, mellow coffee, the kind that does the nerves good and starts the day right.

Manning-Bowman Perfected Coffee Percolators make delicious coffee in a few minutes, starting with cold water. The Coffee Pot Style may be used on a Manning-Bowman Alcohol Gas Stove or on a kitchen range. The glass cover with metal cap protector will not break while in use. Manning-Bowman Percolators have no valves, and pocket under percolating tube is large and easy to clean. Made in both Pot and Urn designs. Over a hundred styles and sizes. Sold by leading dealers. Write for free Recipe Book and Catalogue "M-32."

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

Makers of Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes and Accessories, Alcohol Gas Stoves and the "Eclipse" Bread Mixer.



Mission Design Urn Style No. 3195

WHERE SANTA CLAUS DRIVES HIS BARGAINS IN

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS

WRITE, DEPT. E
ASK FOR BOOK
SHORT JACKS
LONG TERMS

\$25 00	\$100 A WEEK
\$50 00	\$100 A WEEK
\$100 00	\$200 A WEEK

TIMES WATCH & DIAMOND CO.
TIME PAYMENTS
206 W. 42d St.
NEW YORK

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



The child threw the gold out the window

he could get no other egg until next day. He ran to the hen and gave her two caramels and a bit of pink sugar-candy, but she refused to take any such hints. So the old king had to go hungry till the next day.

The next day the hen laid another golden egg! The king was quite desperate then, —for a king can not possibly stand going hungry—so he bethought him of the beggar child under his window, and called out to him, throwing him a piece of gold as he did so:

"Here, go and buy me an egg in the village."

THE beggar child ran away and was gone a long time, and when he came back the king was at the window waiting anxiously.

"Well, youngling?" he cried out.

"There are no eggs," the beggar child answered; "all the chickens have long been killed and eaten."

There was nothing to do but to wait until next day and hope.

But next day the hen laid another golden egg. The king was now quite beside himself, and dizzy with weakness, too, and all he could do was to totter to the window and throw out a handful of gold, crying: "Food, anything!" to the beggar child.

Much later the beggar child returned and looked up at the old, white, drawn face above and cried:

"There is no food. Every one starves."

Then the king sank down fainting, and did not know anything till the next day, when he opened his eyes and saw that the fire was out.

He cried as loudly as he was able then: "I starve, I freeze, seek wood," and he could hear the beggar child running, but he could not even drag himself so high as the window-seat to look out.

Ages after—as it seemed to him—the child returned, and cried from below: "There is no wood. Everybody freezes!" And then the king knew nothing more.

AND yet, cold-hearted as he had always been, there was one who loved him, and that was the hen. She couldn't at all see what was the matter, for it seemed to her if he loved gold so well he should like to eat it too; but when he did not eat the golden eggs she felt that something must be very wrong, and when she saw him lying there so cold and still, she felt that masculine advice should be taken and she called in the cock. The cock came at once, and they both walked round and round the king, and pecked at him here and there, but nothing seemed to do any good.

"Perhaps it would be better to tell the village," the cock suggested at last.

"But they are only peasants," said the hen, "and he is a king. Look at his gold spectacles, his gold-embroidered dressing-gown, and his gold-headed stick."

"Well, what would you suggest?" said the cock.

"I would throw all of the gold out of the window," said the hen, "and I would bring the beggar child inside."

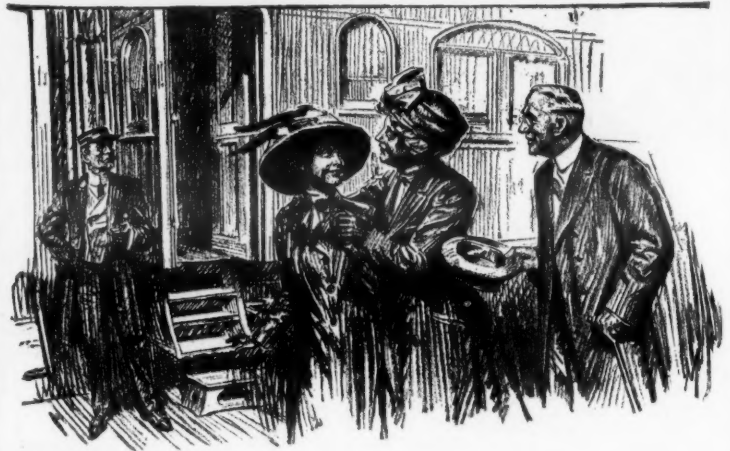
"Why?" asked the cock, who was very masculine.

"I don't know why, but I would do it," said the hen, who was very feminine.

NOW, as it happens, the hen had hit on the very wisest course possible, for gold, if it is kept together and not allowed to move about freely, always attracts evil spirits, and the bringing of a beggar child inside any house always attracts good spirits.

So the beggar child was brought in at once, and went straight to work with the hen and the cock and threw all the gold out of the window. The king lay white and still on the floor all the time, but outside a great noise arose, for all the people in the village came running, and when they saw the gold they could hardly believe their eyes.

But in a minute or two they did believe



"Night Letters" for Travelers

The family always wants to know that you "arrived safely," what sort of trip you had, how you found things at your destination.

Send them a Night Letter any time before midnight and they will receive it next morning.

The Night Letter prevents anxiety on the part of those who are left at home and enables you to telegraph a real message with something of yourself in it.

The terseness of the ordinary telegram is not required. Fifty words may be sent as a Night Letter at the same rate as a ten-word day message.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY

"Prompt, Efficient, Popular Service."

EDUCATOR Animal CRACKERS

Have Food Value



Every child wants an Ark, always has and always will. Give him a hand-somely lithographed Educator Ark of heavy tin, filled with wholesome Animal Crackers that will be more welcome than candy.

Order from your grocer. If he doesn't have it, send us \$1.00 and we will ship one, express prepaid.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO.

216 Tremont Street Boston, Mass.

Wizard Mono-Rail Jumping Top!

Wizard Encased Tight-Wire JUMPING TOP, Postpaid, \$1.00

Finest top made. Spins 12 minutes with one turn of cord. Walks tight wire. Jump from wooden egg while spinning. All running parts are inside polished steel case. Postpaid \$1.00. Both Jumping tops, \$1.40.

"Zela" Fortune Telling top, 25c., postage for extra. "Vari-Scope," chromatic game top, just out, \$2.00 prepaid.

Six for \$5, prepaid.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

TEN 10 CTS



You can buy it now from your dealer in Pin sealing tubes ready for instant use; also in bottles with new patented cap. No waste-no leak-no-trouble. Demand LE PAGE'S Sold everywhere

Library slips with every bottle and tube

A Barrel of Fun for only 50c.

At department store demonstrations or postpaid for 50c. Does, \$5 ex. post. Endlessly amusing and instructive. Travels 100 ft. on inclined wire while spinning. Baffling mystery. Order now.

W. P. D. Co. Dept. 1 131 W. 31st St., N. Y.

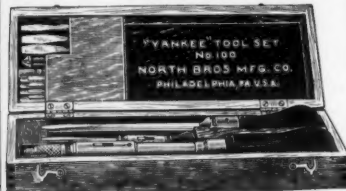


Style A Colored 50c.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

"Yankee" Tools for Christmas

GIVE the man a "Yankee" Tool Set. The big boy, too. Every man (and boy) likes clever tools. The cleverest tools of the kind are "Yankee" Tools. Splendidly made, finely finished and wonderfully efficient. He will be delighted.



This Set (No. 100) consists of—

- (1) "Yankee" No. 30.—A big, strong, able tool which drills holes, and drives or draws screws, by means of a SPIRAL operated by pressing on the handle. Provided with eight drills (1-16 to 11-64 inches), a countersink, and three different size screw-bits.
- (2) "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No. 11, with blade 6 inches long. A tool with which screws are driven (or drawn) by ratchet movement without releasing the hand from the handle.
- (3) "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No. 15, with blade 3 inches long and finger-turn on blade. The tool that gets the best of little, wobbly screws.
- (4) "Yankee" Tool Case of highly-finished, solid oak, expressly made for these tools and attachments.

Ask your dealer for "Yankee" Tool Set No. 100. Price, \$4.50

Here's a "Yankee" Pocket Screw-driver for Christmas

Only three inches long when closed—about the size of a pocket-knife. Nickel-plated steel, highly polished. Four blades in handle. Useful everywhere—at home, the office, store or shop—motoring, boating, gunning.

No. 60. Price, 65c. Your dealer can supply it.

Free Tool Book—Describing and illustrating 66 kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia



The child held a little Christmas tree

their eyes, and those who were strongest seized great handfuls, and hurried as fast as possible to other villages to buy food, and wood, and woollens, and everything else that no one can buy without money.

And then what did these poor people, whom their king had treated so badly, do?

THEY built a fire and warmed a bed as quickly as ever they could, and while one woman was making a hot broth some of the men carried the old man as gently as possible out of the big room into a small one, and took off his gold-embroidered gown and wrapped him in a blanket and laid him in the bed.

And when he opened his eyes the broth was ready, and they gave him some, and he thanked them of whom he had never thought, and praised God to whom he had never prayed, and slept again.

The next morning was Christmas, and the king was able to sit up and gaze out of the window. There was smoke coming out of all the chimneys, and cries of "Merry Christmas" filled the air.

"Majesty!"

It was a voice from behind him, and the king looked around. There stood the beggar child, and in his arms he held a pot, and in the pot was a little Christmas tree with all the candles lit.

"From your grateful, happy, loving people," said the beggar child.

Then this king—who hadn't even thought of a Christmas tree for years—felt tears in his eyes and a sob in his throat, and, turning to the hen, who was always sitting on the back of his chair, he said:

"I don't understand! Why did you do it?"

Then the hen, smiling as sweetly as a beak will allow, said: "I thought that nothing would do you so much real good as a few golden eggs."

And then she flew to the corner and laid a real one, with a sprig of holly and a Christmas motto painted on one side, and a little silken loop by which to hang it up.

Merry Christmas

By W. J. LAMPTON

GEE WHIZ,

What a sunny time Christmas is!

What a season of June in Winter

When the roses of cheer bloom bright

Along the way

Of the merry day,

And the earth is dressed in white.

Oh, say,

It ain't the day

That makes us gay,

It's us that makes the day;

And it's up to us to scratch a match

For those who need the light;

And if we will

We can do it till

The whole darn world is bright.

By gum,

Santa Claus will be going some

If all of us will only do

The very best we can

To get up closer to the Day

By getting close to man.

My seat,

Where are you at?

Come out of the shadow, get into the sun,

This is no time for folks to feel blue;

No matter what

You have, or have not,

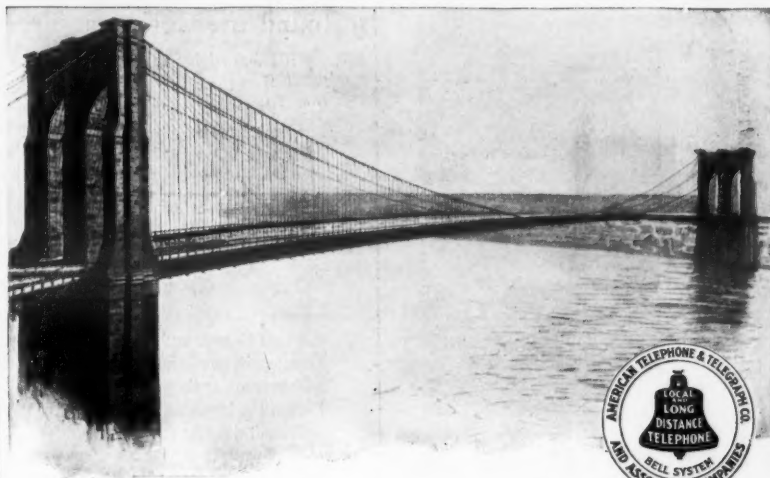
Cheer somebody up and that will cheer you.

Gee whiz,

What a sunny time Christmas is,

If you want it to be.

See?



The Neighbor-Maker

SAVAGES built rude bridges so that they might communicate with their neighbors. These have been replaced by triumphs of modern engineering.

Primitive methods of transmitting speech have been succeeded by Bell telephone service, which enables twenty-five million people to bridge the distances that separate them, and speak to each

other as readily as if they stood face to face.

Such a service, efficiently meeting the demands of a busy nation, is only possible with expert operation, proper maintenance of equipment, and centralized management.

The Bell System provides constantly, day and night, millions of bridges to carry the communications of this country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy One System Universal Service

To Smokers Who Like a DRY PIPE

Here's the Way to Keep the Nicotine Out of Your Pipe—Here's the Way To Make Every Smoke Cool, Sweet, Delicious—Here's the Way To Increase Economy, Pleasure and Health In Smoking. Use

Baron's Pipe Filler

Not many of you pipe smokers are going to let 30 cents stand between you and the greatest smoking discovery since the invention of the pipe itself. Not many of you are going to hold back and be skeptical about Baron's Pipe Filler.

For you can see for yourself from this explanation that this new wrinkle makes every pipe-smoke better than the one best smoke you ever had in your life.

The tobacco for Baron's Pipe Filler comes in a "cartridge." The Filler loads this into your pipe just like the tobacco in a cigar—so that each shred stands upright in the lengthwise bowl and burns lengthwise.

Don't you see how vastly it must improve the free-burning and free-drawing qualities of your smoke? And, when it comes to perfection in smokes, free-burning, free-drawing and good tobacco are the whole thing.

With this combination, you can't burn your tongue.

Every such smoke is cool, sweet, delicious.

And every such smoke is DRY. It's the clogging, hard-drawing smokes that put saliva into your pipe and create that wet, poisonous residue of unburnable, wasted tobacco.

A Christmas Suggestion

CARRERAS, Ltd., London, Eng.



Loading a "cartridge" of tobacco into your pipe for a cool—sweet—free burning—free drawing—delicious smoke.

Smokers: Keep your pipe dry and keep your health. In Baron's Pipe Filler, the draught is so perfect that nothing but a dry, white ash is left after each smoke.

Keep Your Pipe Dry. You'll never guess what pipe-smoking really means until you smoke with Baron's Pipe Filler.

Two fine, old, world-famous mixtures are now put up in "cartridges"—"Craven Mixture" (1 1/4 oz. 30 cents) and "Black Cat Mixture" (Mild—1 1/4 oz. 25 cents). You'll like them! The Pipe Filler itself costs 30 cents.

Nearly every better-class tobacco store can supply you. If you don't find it in your city, remit to the American Agents—ADOLPH FRANKAU & CO., Ltd., 149 West 23rd Street, New York.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

A PORTABLE, pure white, steady, safe light. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. 100 candle power. No grease, dirt nor odor. Lighted instantly. Costs 2 cts. per week. Over 300 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Do not delay.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
7-35 E. 8th St. Canton, Ohio

MAKES AND BURNS ITS OWN GAS

PEARL GRIT

Good laying follows right digestion. Pearl Grit helps hens get the good of what they eat. Sharp, clean, white, great shell maker. Grit for fowls of all ages. Try it. Write for free booklet.

OHIO MARBLE COMPANY
731 S. Cleveland St., Piqua, O.

ANTICOR THE SAFETY CORN SHAVER

At Last! Here is Something New. Painlessly, instantly removes corns or foot callous affording immediate, permanent relief. Buy your own Chiropractor, save time, money, and keep your feet in perfect condition forever. Sold and recommended by 5,000 leading Druggists, Hardware, Shoe, Jewelry and Department Stores.

\$1 Nickel Plated, leatherette case; \$2.50 Silver Plated, Black Morocco case; \$3.50 Gold Plated, Pig Skin or Alligator case. An ideal, lasting, practical Christmas present. Your relative or friend will be grateful for it. If your dealer cannot supply, we send by registered mail to any address. Order now for Xmas. Anticor Mfg. Co., 47-E W. 34th St., New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

A BULL'S-EYE FOR COMFORT

Warm Rooms to Live In
Cool Rooms to Sleep In

Be comfortable in a uniformly heated and healthy home; relieved from the worry and trouble of constantly adjusting drafts and dampers.

THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

keeps your home at any temperature desired, and never allows a variance of more than a degree. Too warm—the JEWELL immediately closes the drafts. Too cold—automatically it throws the drafts on, always preserving an even heat. Never wastes an ounce of coal. Applicable to all systems of heating.

If you want a cold house to sleep in—adjust the regulator. Then set the Time Clock Attachment for a half hour before rising. You will have a warm house when you rise the next morning, without touching the heater or controller.

This automatic heat controller is guaranteed free of mechanical defects for 25 years. It can't get out of order. Let the JEWELL prove what it will do before you pay for it—put it in on 30 days' free trial.

Some dealer in your town carries the JEWELL. If you have not seen it displayed—write us for his name, and free illustrated booklet, "The Home Comfortable," containing full and valuable information.

THE JEWELL MANUFACTURING CO.
99 N. Green Street - Auburn, N. Y.

SAVE MAGAZINE MONEY

Order all of your periodicals through Bennett. New Catalogue, containing 3000 CLUB OFFERS, Free. Send Bennett your name and address today. Bennett's Magazine Agency, 171 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Globe-Wernicke Steel Cabinets

All the **Globe-Wernicke** Filing Devices that you have been accustomed to admire in Wood, are now duplicated in **Steel**.

The same beautiful grain effects of the quartered oak and real mahogany Cabinets are repeated most successfully in the **Steel**—in vertical, document, card index, check, catalogue, letter, bill and cap size files.

Put a stack of **Globe-Wernicke** Mahogany-Finished Steel Cabinets alongside of a \$300.00 roll top mahogany desk, and the Steel Cabinets would win as much praise from the furniture expert for their beauty as the desk. They do not look *metallic*.

Globe-Wernicke Steel Construction

Take up any one of our Steel Files—examine it critically.

You see no bolts, screws, nuts or parts to work loose.

You do not even see a crack.

Where the units or sections are set up, they appear to be a solid cabinet.

This is because the ends are rounded, pressed together so firmly that it is not only impossible to pull them apart, but to even see where they are joined together.

Both the units, and the files inside the units, have double walls—making protection against fire doubly sure.

The purchaser is always sure of securing exact duplicates because the dies are absolutely true and exact.

Globe-Wernicke Supplies

You not only secure **Globe-Wernicke** service in Cabinets—but in Supplies as well, such as guides, folders, envelopes, cards, indexes, etc.

Thousands of customers will tell you that it is a wise policy to purchase your Supplies at the same place that you procure your Cabinets—then you are sure that one fits the other, or that shipment of the Cabinets is not delayed on account of the Supplies.

We ship on approval, freight paid, everywhere.

Mail the attached coupon for catalogues.

The **Globe-Wernicke Co.**

Dept. C-810
Cincinnati,
U. S. A.

Use This
Coupon.

The
Globe-
Wernicke Co.,
Dept. C-810
Cincinnati,
U. S. A.

Send me the Globe-Wernicke Steel
and Wood Cabinet Catalogues, and a
copy of "Filing and Finding Papers."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

'Round the Christmas Tree

LIGHT the lights on every bough,
Lift the olden lay:
"Here's to those about us now,
Here's to those away!"
High the holly-wreath is hung,
Mirth and joy are free;
Who so old that is not young
'Round the Christmas tree!

FAITH and Hope and fair Delight
Rule in hut and hall.
None shall know a care to-night—
Peace to each and all!
Once again to all our friends
Wheresoe'er they be,
Pledge the love that never ends
'Round the Christmas tree!

CHRISTMAS in a Danish Castle

As Seen by a Recent Secretary to
the American Minister

By H. G. LEACH



I WONDER how many Americans have spent Christmas in a Danish castle—an ancient castle with towers and turrets, a moat, and a drawbridge, surrounded on all sides by the forest. I do not mean a dead castle with a museum, where the tourist pays his Danish sixpence, but a real castle in which real people live, eat, go hunting, dance, and make love, just as they did seven hundred years ago, that is, whenever the Germans were not shooting cross-bolts through the turret windows. No, the Yule-tide of which I am to tell happened only last Christmas, 1909.

The Danes have perhaps a better right to Christmas than have we. For the Danish *Jul* was a midwinter feast in heathen times, and the yule tree was a sacred custom of the Danes long before its adoption by Christian nations.

CHRISTMAS EVE, more important in Denmark than Christmas Day itself, is dedicated to the family. A foreigner rarely sees this most sacred of Danish festivals, and my joy may be imagined when I received an invitation to celebrate Christmas Eve with one of Denmark's oldest noble families at their castle in the country.

A long drive in a sleigh, through the woods, brought me within sight of the castle about noon the day before Christmas. Danish castles are not large—as castles go—but this one had its little towers and turrets rising above the lake, and bristling with wings and additions, the confused but picturesque patchwork of centuries, giving the whole an antique atmosphere of romance strong enough to thrill an American.

A drive around the lake, white with ice and snow, and fringed with green spruce, brought us to two stone columns bearing the family arms, through which we passed into the castle park. As we did so a great bell began ringing, accompanied by the tooting of horns.

"They see you are coming," cried the driver, and lashed his horses into a suitably impressive speed. We crossed the moat by a drawbridge which had not been raised for two centuries, and entered the courtyard. In spite of the cold, a dozen inmates of the house came out on the steps to meet us. The Count grasped my hand vigorously.

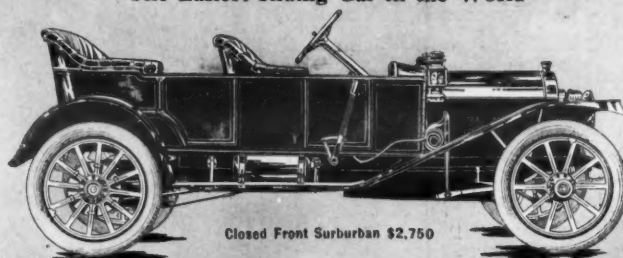
"Welcome!" he cried, and "*Glaedelig Jul*," which is the Danish for "Merry Christmas."

Then the Countess advanced, gently and smiling, and I was introduced to four or five pretty daughters, and the fiancés of the two eldest—for fiancés are always counted as members of the household on Christmas Eve—and two small brothers, and several aunts and uncles, and finally, after we went into the hall, I met the grandmother, a stately but kindly dowager.

A FOOTMAN in the purple and gold livery of the family conducted me up the great stairway, lined with family portraits, to my room, all the furnishings of which were a rich red, its beauty enhanced by the red cut-glass screen in front of the glowing embers on the hearth. I noticed that while the room was provided with electricity and a telephone, the water was

THE MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car in the World"



Closed Front Suburban \$2,750

THE SECRET of these long-distance victories lies in the superior design, construction and tire economy of the Marmon stock cars—the kind you buy.

Nordyke & Marmon Co.
Indianapolis (Estab. 1851) Indiana
Sixty Years of Successful Manufacturing

Some of the Marmon Victories

Coke Cup	Wheeler & Schebler Trophy
200 Miles—183½ Minutes	200 Miles—166½ Minutes
Wheatley Hills—Van'sbilt	Atlanta Speedway Trophy
190 Miles—190 Minutes	200 Miles—189½ Minutes
Atlanta A. A. Trophy	Los Angeles—Class 3 C
130 Miles—107 Minutes	100 Miles—85½ Minutes
Los Angeles—Two Hours	Los Angeles Grand Prize
148 Miles—130 Minutes	100 Miles—76½ Minutes
Van'sbilt—Donor's Trophy	City of Atlanta Trophy
278.08 Miles—256½ Minutes	200 Miles—171 1-5 Minutes
Elgin-Kane County Trophy	Remy Grand Bransard
169 Miles—184½ Minutes	100 Miles—80½ Minutes

And a number of other Long Distance Events



LICENSED UNDER SELDEN PATENT



Make somebody
happy with a
KODAK.

Christmas, 1910.

Catalog free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.

COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

COMES OUT
A RIBBON—
LIES FLAT
ON THE
BRUSH

42 Inches of Cream

In Trial Tube

Sent for 4 Cents

Used twice a day will last three weeks

DELICIOUS—ANTISEPTIC

Colgate & Co., Dept. W, 199 Fulton St., N. Y.

WALTHAM WATCHES ON CREDIT

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS—BIG SPECIALS

FULL JEWEL \$10.65

WALTHAM

In Fine 20-Year Gold-filled Case

Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time

SENT ON FREE TRIAL, ALL CHARGES PREPAID

You do not pay one penny until you have seen

and examined this High-Grade, Full Jeweled Wal-

tham Watch, with Patent Hairspring, in any style

plain or engraved Case, right in your own hands.

GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED—\$1 A MONTH.

No matter how far away you live, or how small your salary or income we will

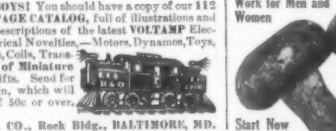
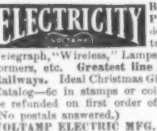
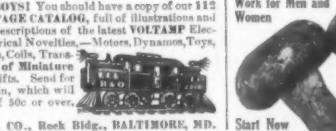
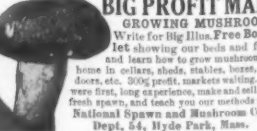
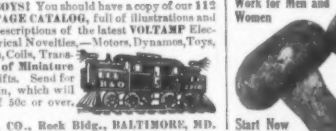
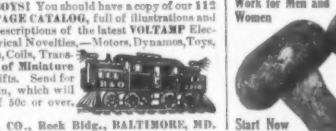
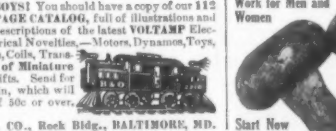
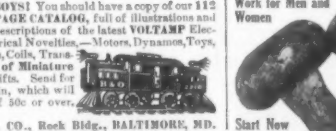
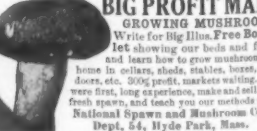
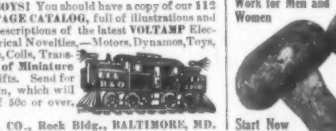
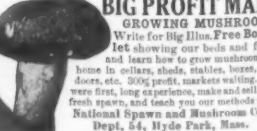
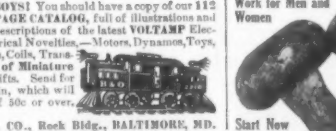
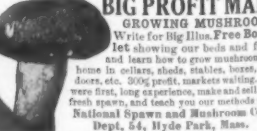
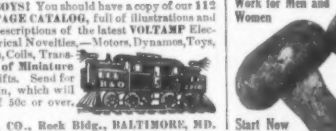
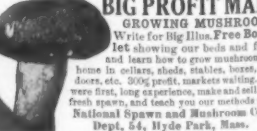
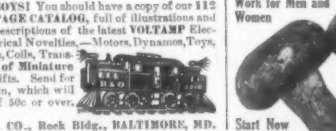
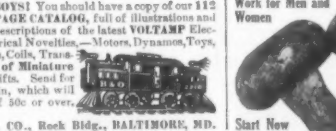
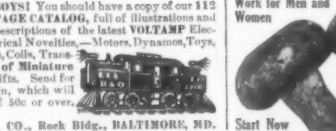
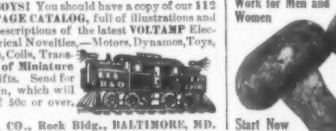
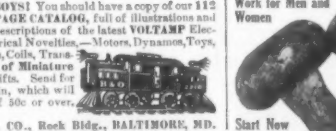
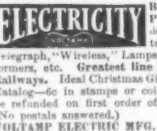
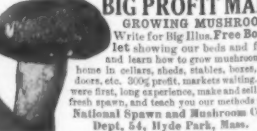
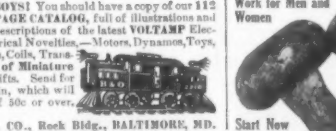
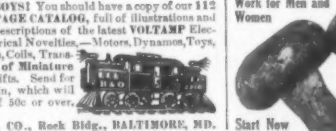
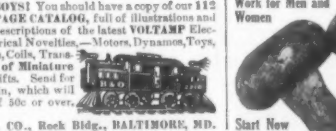
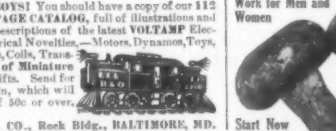
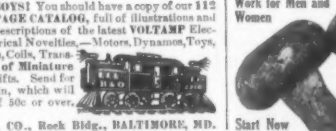
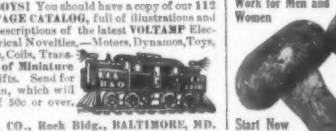
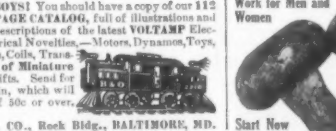
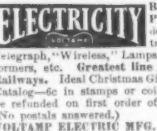
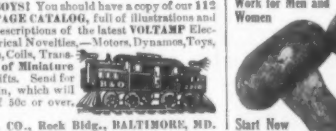
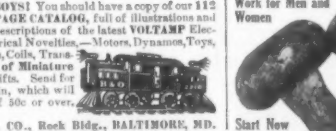
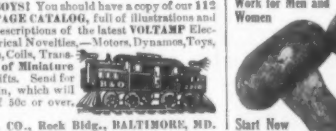
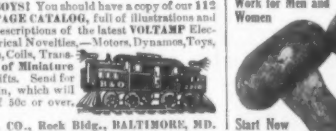
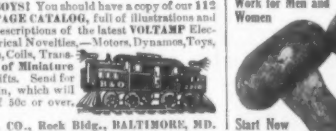
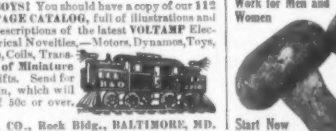
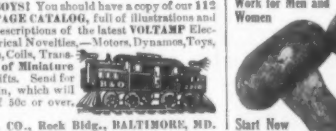
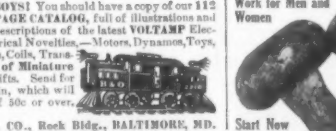
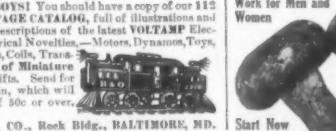
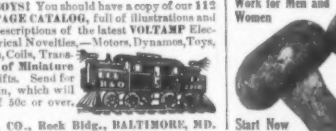
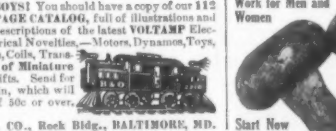
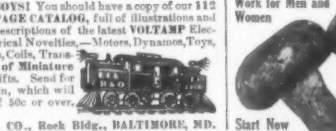
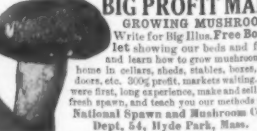
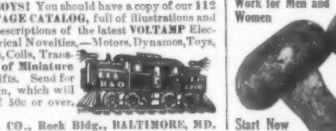
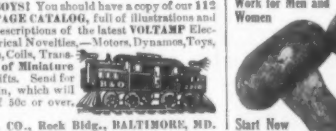
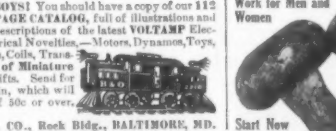
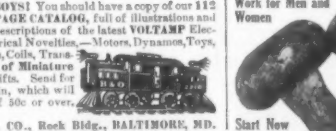
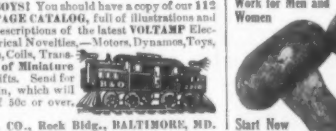
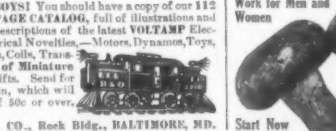
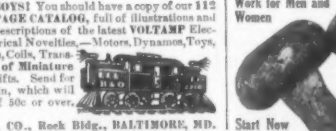
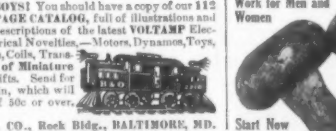
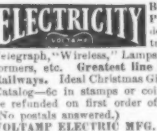
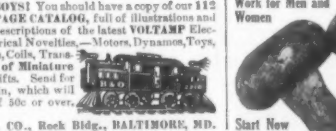
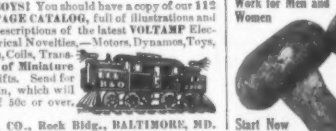
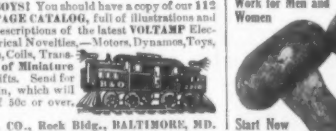
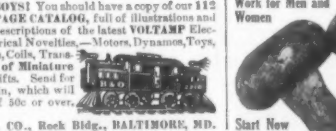
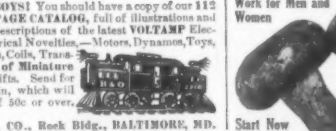
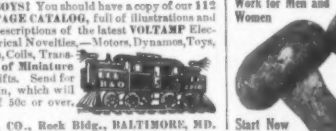
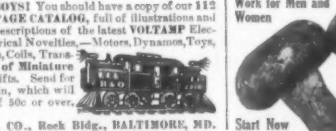
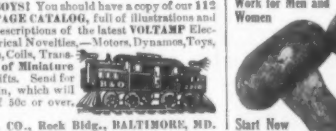
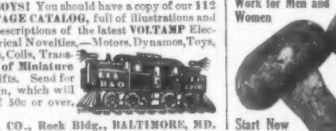
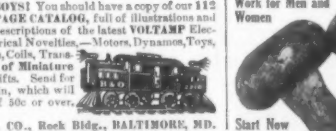
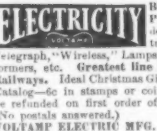
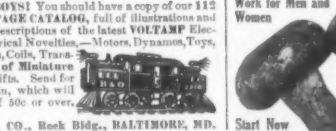
trust you for a high-

grade adjusted Waltham

Watch, in gold case, war-

ranted for 25 years, and guaranteed to pass any railroad

inspection. Write for handsome Christmas Catalog.



AN IMMACULATE AND SANITARY HOME

made possible by the
"ALCA" HAND VACUUM
CLEANER

Sent carriage prepaid to
any point in the U. S. for

\$6.00

Thoroughly practical and effective,
selling at a price within the
reach of every housewife. Weighs
only 5 lbs. "Lessens housekeeping
care and reduces Doctor's bills."

Order one today from us. It will
be forwarded without delay, all
charges prepaid, with complete
directions for its use.

Sold with an unconditional
Guarantee. Full
Satisfaction, or MONEY
BACK. Address:

Alca Vacuum Cleaner Co.
364 W. 50th St.
New York City

Explanatory
Booklet

What
the
"Alca"
gets
out of an
ordinary
rug.



\$1 DOES EXACTLY THE WORK OF \$2



You know that home surroundings exert a
wonderful influence on domestic happiness,
but you do not know that every room in your
home can be artistically furnished at a price
that is ridiculously low. THEN you owe it
to yourself—your family—to investigate this
proposition.

Double the Purchasing Power of Your Money

HOW? By having the furniture shipped direct to
you from the factory in the natural wood—or stained
—and in assembled, easy-to-put-together sections.

First—You pay but one profit only—the manufacturer's profit.

Second—You do not pay—but wait—space in this
publication is mighty expensive. Why tell only
part of the story? Our new Catalog No. 11, showing
an extensive line of furniture, goes into detail and a
POSTAL will bring it to you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your Money Refunded
Send that Postal Now—Right Now

Brooks Manufacturing Company
112 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

250 Pages of Inventory Figured in One Evening



John B. Geijsbeek,
Certified
Public Accountant,
Denver,
Colo., says:
"Not long
ago I was
asked to
verify the extensions and additions on a 250
page inventory of one of the commercial
enterprises of this city. A year before I did
this same work and it took me fully three
days with one assistant. This year I sat
down to it with one of my assistants after
supper one evening and we finished it with
a Comptometer a little after midnight."

Such results are possible because of the
Comptometer's unequal speed on all kinds
of figuring—multiplication and division as
well as addition.

Light, portable—not a fixture—can be carried from
one department to another under your arm.



Write for descriptive booklet "Rapid Mechanical
Calculation," or machine sent on free trial, charges
prepaid, U. S. or Canada.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
1724 North Paulina Street CHICAGO, ILL.

Spins Five Minutes

The TEDDY TOP is brand new. It winds just like a watch. Made of bright
finished steel. Spins right side up or up-
side down, or on the pedestal which comes
with it. Chromatic rings with each top
to produce wonderful color effects. Strong
and durable. An ingenious, amusing and
instructive toy.
Send twenty-five cents for TEDDY TOP
also FREE our big Christmas Catalogue
No. 131, containing new puzzles, toys and
novelties.

The New York News Company, Dept. 86, 15 Warren St., New York City

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

supplied by pitchers. Although the Danes
have telephones everywhere, running water
and American plumbing have not yet
reached many Danish castles. What inter-
ested me most about my chamber, how-
ever, was a sprig of mistletoe, which hung
from the central chandelier, apparently
a delicate compliment to my English an-
cestry. I wondered if I were supposed to
kiss the chambermaid under the mistletoe.

After a few minutes I had joined the
family downstairs in the great dining-
room, beneath a painting of some old
Danish battle. The Danish breakfast
would be called luncheon in America, com-
ing as it does at half-past eleven or noon.
It usually consists of one hot dish and
sandwiches, which the breakfaster makes
himself at table by buttering a piece of
bread and choosing *paalæg*—tongue, salmon,
salads, anchovies—from one of a dozen
tempting dishes on the table, with which
he covers the buttered bread, and cuts the
impromptu sandwich with knife and fork.

WHEN we had eaten, two of the daugh-
ters went to finish decorating the
Christmas tree. I offered my help, but the
suggestion was firmly rejected. In fact, I
was told that I would not even be per-
mitted to see the Christmas tree until
seven that evening. The rest of the young
people and myself took skates and climbed
down into the moat, where the ice was
excellent. The Danes are superb skaters.
One of the daughters, the charming Com-
tesse Mathilde, aged eighteen, carved all
manner of figures in the ice, from hearts
and arrows to the features of her sister's
lover. When we heard the music of a
waltz from the castle, the Danish members
of the skating party proceeded to waltz on
the ice with as much apparent ease as
though they were on a ballroom floor. Later
in the afternoon, we played hockey on the
lake, the young ladies lining up against
the men, and obtaining an overwhelming
victory. It is only fair to say that they
outnumbered us six to four, and Diana in
the hunt was never swifter and more agile
than a Danish girl on skates.

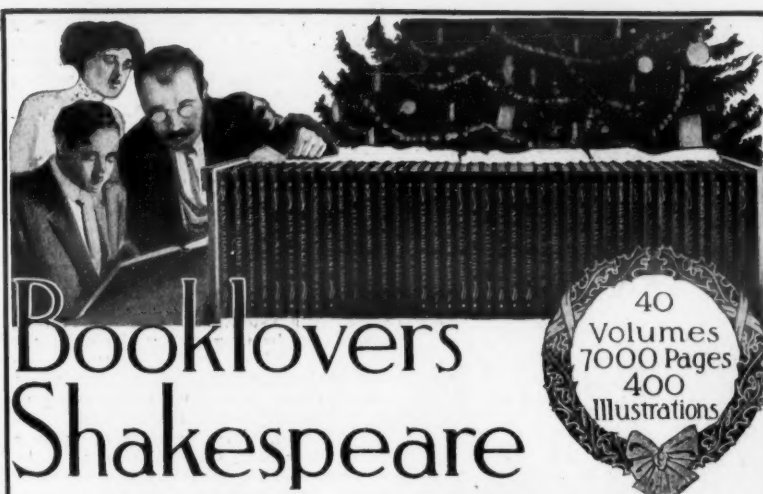
After dark, which means the middle
of the afternoon in that northern clime,
we went back to the house and put on
our furs to sleigh to the village church
for the annual Christmas Eve service at
five o'clock. We drove in a long proces-
sion of sleighs toward the village, from
which direction we were greeted by the
ringing of Christmas bells. It was snow-
ing slightly when we drove down the vil-
lage street. Every window was illumi-
nated with candles, and in nearly every
home we could see a Christmas tree festooned
with tinsel. On several doorsteps
I noticed bowls steaming as though they
contained hot food.

"What are those bowls for?" I asked the
Countess, with whom I was riding.

"Do you not have that custom in Amer-
ica?" she asked. "In Denmark you must
set out oatmeal on Christmas Eve for the
Nixies. They, you know, are little red-
jacketed old men, with long white beards,
and are not higher than a man's knee—
and," she added, "you may have noticed
those bundles fastened to the shutters.
They are sheaves of wheat for the birds."

WHEN we descended at the door of the
little old church it was already full,
and a crowd was gathered outside in the
snow, straining their necks to catch a
glimpse of the candles on the altar. The
Count bowed to the farmers, as they opened
a passage for us to pass through, and ad-
dressed many of them pleasantly by name,
wishing them a Merry Christmas. The
interior of the church was green with
spruce and laurel, and softly illumined by
concealed lights, while two enormous white
candles burned on the altar before an oil-
painting of the Babe in the manger. At
five the smiling young rector came forward
in his black gown, with a thick white
starched ruffe around his neck, resembling
an Elizabethan collar. The entire congre-
gation joined heartily in the songs and
Christmas carols, and outside in the church-
yard we could hear the voices of the
greater throng who stood in the snow.

We drove home in a blinding snowstorm.
Hot tea, Yule cakes, and candy awaited
us, to stay our hunger until it was time
to uncover the Christmas tree. Suddenly
the lights in the drawing-room, where we
were, went out, and two folding-doors were
swung open into a room I had not seen
before. There was a dazzling array of
lights, and in the center stood the Yule
tree, its top brushing the ceiling, its
branches ablaze with hundreds of candles.
We formed a great circle around it, and
when the heirs of the castle had gathered
in the far side of the room, there came
in the servants of the household, a score
or more. One of the footmen brought
in a basket of prayer-books, which the
Count himself distributed, and from them
we sang one of the beautiful Danish
Christmas carols. When it was done, I

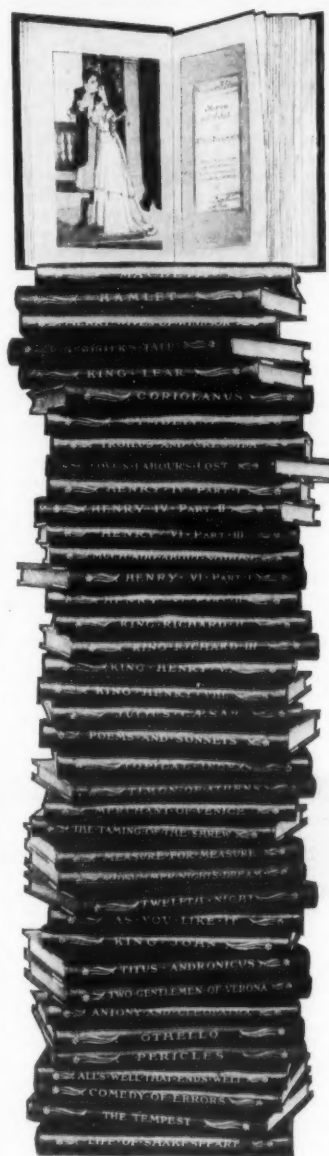


Booklovers Shakespeare

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFT

40
Volumes
7000 Pages
400
Illustrations

Sent Free For Examination
\$1.00 Secures An Entire Set



The Half-Leather Style

An \$8.00 Art Portfolio FREE

have decided to offer absolutely free of charge A MAGNIFICENT ART
PORTFOLIO to each one of the first 200 whose orders reach us in
time. This portfolio contains 16 plates reproducing in duogravure
famous Shakespearean pictures and photographs of views in the
Shakespeare country. It would cost \$8.00 if bought in an art
store. The plates are 9 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches in size. Send your
order promptly and you can obtain a portfolio free of cost.

HALF-PRICE HOLIDAY OFFER

recently been advanced from \$58.00 to \$62.00.
During the holiday season, however, we offer a small edi-
tion of the work at just half price—\$31.00. This low figure
and our generous selling plan will rapidly clear out this
limited offer. To secure one of these bargains you
must act promptly. Send the coupon now. To-
morrow may be too late. It is your privilege to
return the set if it does not please you.

The University Society 44-60 E. 23d St.
NEW YORK

The dainty elegance, the solid
worth and the deserved popularity
of **The Booklovers Shakespeare** make
it just the thing for a holiday gift.
Every detail of letter-press, paper
and binding is marked by luxury
and charm, and our easy terms are
a boon to those who feel the finan-
cial pressure of the "festive season."

A complete set of **Booklovers** will be
sent free for examination prepaid to any
address, on receipt of the coupon below
properly filled out. **No money need
accompany this coupon.** The set may
be returned at our expense if it fails to
please you. Examination will cost you
nothing and it places you under no obli-
gation. If the books are what you want
you can keep the entire set and send us
\$1.00 only, and you can pay the balance
at the rate of \$2.00 a month.

Complete—Handy

The **Booklovers** is the Shakespeare
of the discriminating. Many world-
famed scholars have contributed to make
it the best edition ever published. Its
annotations, commentaries and glossary
are thorough as scholarship can make
them, yet clear so that anyone can un-
derstand and enjoy them. There are 40
charming volumes in the edition, 7 x 5
inches in size, 7,000 pages in all. There
are 40 magnificent full-page illustrations
in color and hundreds of rare wood-cuts.
The **Booklovers** includes everything that
Shakespeare ever wrote. Every hidden
meaning, every obscure word, is thor-
oughly explained, making Shakespeare
as easy to understand as a popular novel.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Critical Comments This is the only edi-
tion containing Critical
Comments on the plays and characters. They
are selected from the writings of 200 world-famed
scholars.

Arguments Each play is preceded by its
analysis, or "Argument," giv-
ing a concise summary of the plot in simple
narrative style.

Complete Glossaries Explaining every
obscure, obsolete, or
doubtful word. No other edition gives glossa-
ries so full and complete. Each volume contains
its own.

Two Sets of Notes One for the ordinary
student and scholar. No other edition con-
tains this valuable feature.

Study Methods Equivalent to a course in
Shakespeare. The meth-
ods consist of Study Questions and Suggestions
for each play.

Life of the Poet Edited by Israel Gol-
danz, with essays on
Shakespeare and his genius by Bagehot, Leslie
Stephen, and other eminent critics.

Every year at Christmas time we are
swamped with late-arriving orders.
As an incentive to promptness we

offer a special holiday discount on the entire set.
If you order now, you can have the set at a special
price of \$31.00. This low figure and our generous
selling plan will rapidly clear out this limited offer.
To secure one of these bargains you must act promptly.
Send the coupon now. Tomorrow may be too late.
It is your privilege to return the set if it does not please you.

Name.....
Address.....
If you prefer cloth binding, charge 15 months to 12



Novel and Charming

Señorita *Silk-Spun*

Comes in ideal gift forms, to please
both the fair and sterner sex

In lustre, in superb coloring, in graceful draping effects and splendid wearing qualities, Señorita *Silk-Spun* is actually superior to any silk you have ever seen.

It is not silk, but is more exquisite in weave and richer in sheen. In short, it is so desirable in gift forms that we warn you to be prompt in making your choice. With looms going at full speed we shall find it difficult to keep pace with the greatly increased demand of this season.

The holiday specialties shown, and all Señorita *Silk-Spun* fabrics for 1911, come in the following colors: White, heliotrope, silver gray, pink, corn, champagne, rose, cardinal, reseda, Nile, London smoke, wistaria, light and navy blue, brown, black and the very latest Persian effects.

Scarfs for afternoon and evening wear, with fringed ends, \$1, \$1.50, \$2.25, \$3 and \$4. Scarfs with fancy borders, including the new Persians, \$3, \$3.25 and \$4. Scarfs in figured designs combining white with blue, pink, heliotrope, corn and the Persian effects, 19 x 36 in., \$3.25.

Señorita *Silk-Spun* Mufflers, for ladies and gentlemen; pearl button clasp; in dainty, individual box, \$1.

Men's Reefers (to cover and protect full dress shirts) in black, white and silver gray, 9 x 48 in. fringed ends; in handsome box, \$3.

Señorita *Silk-Spun* Face Veils, and also the Aeroplane face veils to take the place of the ordinary close-mesh veils: 20 in. by 1 1/2 yards, 75c; 2 yards, \$1; very suitable for winter, as the goods are warmer than ordinary veils.

Señorita *Silk-Spun* Auto Veils for 1911—90 in. long, one yard wide, with double ends fringed or with fancy border, \$4. Same length Regulation Auto Scarf without double ends, with fringe or fancy border, \$4; 24 in. wide, 90 in. long, \$3.

Señorita *Silk-Spun* washes beautifully. Instructions with every piece. The genuine bears our copyrighted tag.

If your dealer does not carry these captivating goods, we will fill your Christmas order for Señorita *Silk-Spun* articles or piece goods direct, giving you the right to return the piece if it is not all we have led you to expect.

We shall be glad to forward any of these goods to any address (prepaid) in dainty boxes, enclosing your card if they are intended for gift purposes.

THE OHIO KNITTING MILLS CO.
625 Cherry Street Toledo, Ohio

glanced toward the servants, expecting to see them wreathed in smiles over the happy occasion. Not at all! Tears were streaming like April showers from the old housekeeper's eyes, and the butler was sobbing audibly. The young Countess Mathilde saw the direction of my glance, and whispered:

"Do you know why they are crying? It is because they are thinking of the days when my grandfather was living; the servants loved him so much, and he was so good to them Christmas Eve."

JUST then the soft notes of a violin filled the room. A one-legged soldier, evidently a veteran of the German wars, his breast gleaming with gold medals, sat on a pine log in a corner of the room, playing his fiddle. We all joined hands and danced slowly around the tree, singing, as we danced, another Christmas song.

The Count, mounting a table, made a Christmas speech, welcoming the servants, and then, as the parcels and boxes were handed him one by one, he called off the names. I found myself honored with a cigarette-case bearing the family's arms, and several little souvenirs of royal Copenhagen porcelain, not as large, naturally, as the porcelain lion which ex-President Roosevelt received during his visit to Denmark. An hour of confusion and laughter passed in distributing all the gifts, until the floor was deep in tissue paper, after which came the summons to dinner.

We assembled in the drawing-room, little Countess Karen, a bright-cheeked, flax-haired girl of fourteen, clapping her hands excitedly and urging us to hurry. The Count went the rounds with a visiting card in the palm of his hand, from which he read the seating at dinner, then through a long series of dimly lighted apartments we marched slowly into the dining-room, where the mighty feast was spread. I shall not soon forget that dinner with its good foods and wines, the low laughter of the women, and the complimentary speeches of the men. The table was illuminated by a score of diminutive Christmas trees, each containing half a dozen tiny candles. At each place there were snappers and little mementoes, such as stuffed nixies—the little white-bearded Danish Christmas folk. At each place stood a tiny Danish flag, except at mine, which was thoughtfully decorated with a Star-Spangled Banner. Low overhead hung festoons of laurel, and, according to Miss Karen, the shadows in the far corners of the room were full of real nixies, little old men and women who had been friends of the family for centuries, who were dancing now with glee to see the new generation of young folks so happy on Christmas Eve.

BETWEEN every course of the dinner the stalwart Count rose to propose a toast, now for "our first American guest," now "our engaged couples," and twice "our dear grandmother, long may she be with us." After every toast we all rose and drank, uttering the Danish word for health, *Skaal!* The grandmother watched it all over her spectacles with kindly eyes.

After the reindeer came the goose, and after the goose a blazing plum pudding, an English departure, I was told, for my benefit. The courses were brought in by smiling and happy retainers, clad in the full regalia of the family, with old feudal swords clanking in the scabbards at their belts. Toward the end of the repast came nuts and confections and strange Danish delicacies, including a favorite Danish dessert called *Red Grod*, and when the hour grew late, the old grandmother leaned over to the Count and said: "I think we may drink the last *skaal* now." We all arose with our host, and after he had made a little speech, wishing us all joy in the coming year, we returned to the drawing-room.

At ten o'clock the next morning the entire family were gathered in the hall to say farewell to me. Outside, the Count's best sleigh stood waiting, a coachman and a footman on the box, each clad in a great coat of glossy black bearskin. The Count and the Countess kindly expressed the hope that I would visit them for a longer time when next I came to Europe. I thanked them one and all, praised the castle, praised Denmark and everything Danish, especially the Danish Christmas Eve. I shall never forget the fresh Christmas faces of the five pretty daughters grouped in the doorway as their father accompanied me to the sleigh and shook hands for the last time.

In two minutes the castle bells were ringing behind me; in two hours I was at my hotel in Copenhagen; in two months I had landed in New York. But not even the impressiveness of the familiar skyscrapers and the welcome bustle of Broadway could quite obliterate from my memory the quiet joy and beauty of that Christmas Eve in an old Danish castle.



Let Santa Bring You a

Santo Vacuum Cleaner

It's a gift that gives the whole family the good cheer and happiness that go with true household cleanliness. It's a gift that lasts a lifetime.

Think of the blessing it confers in overcoming the drudgery of cleaning. Think of the security it gives from contagious diseases by removing ALL of the germ-laden dust and dirt.

The "Santo" makes your home life dustless. It is the greatest life insurance in the world.

Sold on Convenient Monthly Payments

No need to strain your holiday appropriation—a modest payment puts the Santo into your home in time for Christmas. You can pay the balance in convenient monthly payments no larger than your present expense of cleaning. It saves its cost 20 times.

The Santo is the original portable VACUUM cleaner, licensed under the Kenney Patents and protected by our own basic patents fully covering its construction. Many imitations are offered under names suggesting the vacuum principle but the Santo still stands alone—a real VACUUM cleaner.

Its positive vacuum pump automatically regulates the vacuum and the volume of air according to the tool in use. This insures the high velocity of air necessary for thorough cleaning without injury to furnishings.

Santo efficiency can not be equalled in any other portable cleaner. Anything short of this efficiency gives merely surface cleaning. This is a scientific fact, established by modern engineering practice.

Anybody can use the Santo with ease. Only the light aluminum nozzles weighing but a few ounces are moved over the furnishings. Complete with tools for 20 different purposes and adapted for use in home, church, store—anywhere.

The "Santo" Guaranty Bond is perpetual, protecting the user against defects at any time. No other cleaner is guaranteed in writing for more than one year.

Sold by dealers and agents everywhere and in our own stores in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, Atlantic City and Lincoln, Neb. Write at once for book and Convenient Payment Plan.

KELLER MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 7C, PHILADELPHIA

WASHBURN

Violins, Mandolins,
Guitars and Banjos

The World's Standard. Tone clear, mellow and very powerful. Absolutely perfect in scale. Finest workmanship. Prices from \$15 upward. Send for illustrated Catalog to the makers.

For sale by all leading music dealers.

Lyon & Healy
Makers of the Lyon & Healy Piano
28-31 Adams St.
(90) Chicago

Announcement No. 20

Let an Expert Guide
Take You Through
California

Personally Escorted Tours of the Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line appeal to cultivated people who want to travel under favorable conditions.

Exclusively first class; every luxury is provided at less cost than is possible traveling alone; you are relieved of every care. All expenses included.

Tours include
Hawaii or Mexico if desired
Write for itinerary.

S. A. Hutchison
Manager Tours Department
212 Clark St., Chicago (213)

200 Egg Incubator \$3.00

No freight to pay. Actual hen in Natural Hen Incubator heats, ventilates, controls everything. No lamp, no costly mistakes. Best hatcher in the world. Agents Wanted. Catalog free.

N.H.I. Co., 1349 Constance St., Dept. 55, Los Angeles, Cal.

ORDER NOW

Direct from the Makers
The Best Xmas Gift

Fashion dresses that Scarf, Socks and "Kerchiefs" must match.

SHIBBOLETH Solid Silk Combination Sets

Six Silk Scarfs, Three Pairs Silk Socks, Three Silk Handkerchiefs, matched in any of these colors—black, gray, brown, wine, purple, dark green, navy blue. Mention the color, or assortment of colors, desired; also size of socks.

\$5.00 the Set, Postpaid.

Or, **SHIBBOLETH Silk Scarfs**, made from silks woven on our own looms and sold direct to you from weaver to wearer in the latest open-end and reversible four-in-hands. Full fifty-cent value. Any assortment of colors to be selected. Also figured effects in all shades. \$2.00 the Half Dozen, Postpaid.

Or, **SHIBBOLETH Silk Socks**, made of hard-twisted, pure thread silk with reinforced sole. Double heel and toe of fine lisle thread, insuring longest wear where wear is. Socks ask more than fifty cents for equal quality. Any assortment of above colors, mention size. \$3.00 the Half Dozen, Postpaid.

Or, **SHIBBOLETH Silk Handkerchiefs**, made of pure silk with hemstitched borders. Any assortment of above colors. \$3.00 the Half Dozen, Postpaid.

All orders for Xmas packed in Handsome Holiday Boxes

Positive Guarantee If for any reason you do not wish to retain your purchase return same and we will refund your money—plus return postage.

Shibboleth Silk Co., 531 Broadway, New York

Send money order, check or 2c stamps. Write for catalog L, showing Shibboleth Silk Scarfs, Socks and Handkerchiefs.



A Gillette Christmas

Give him a Gillette Safety Razor and you will see him as interested as a boy on Christmas morning. It is a man's gift that never fails to please. You know he usually feels rather silly over his Christmas presents. He takes the will for the deed.

If you want him to enjoy the gift as well as the intent give him a Gillette.

The Gillette appeals to his sense of the practical—the mechanical. It is so compact, workmanlike, efficient. It is so all-there and all right. Give him a Gillette and watch his face when he opens the package.

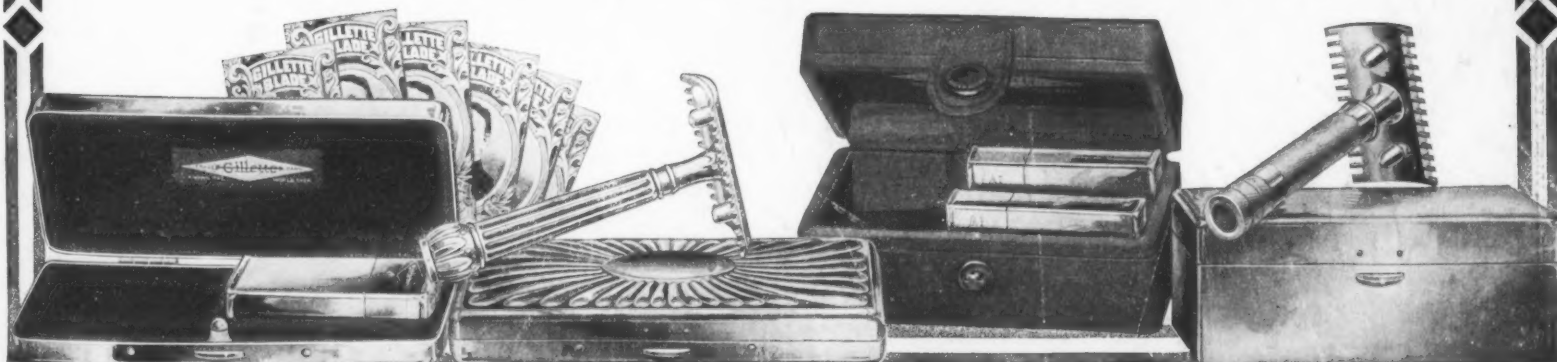
There are all styles, to suit every need and every purse. The case made of metal, morocco grain leather, real seal or English pig skin; the razor silver or gold plated.

You can buy a standard set at \$5.00 and a pocket edition at \$5.00 to \$6.00. Combination and travelers' sets at \$6.00 to \$50.00. There are now two sizes of blade packets—12 double-edge blades, \$1.00; 6 double-edge blades, 50 cents.

Write and we will send you an illustrated pamphlet.

King of Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 34 W. Second Street, Boston
 New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
 Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal
 Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris



IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Pears' Soap



*Good Morning!
Have you used
Pears' Soap?*